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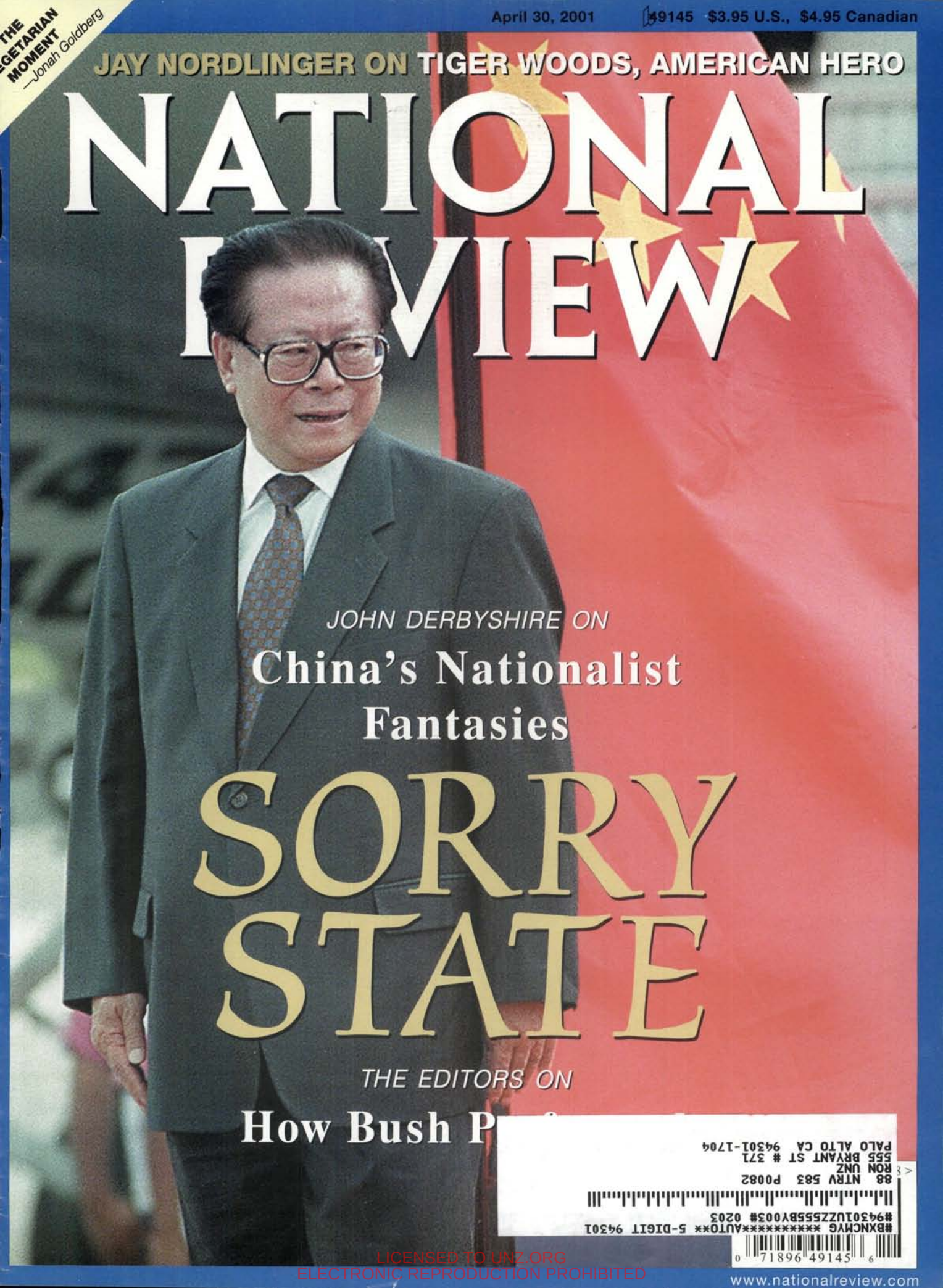

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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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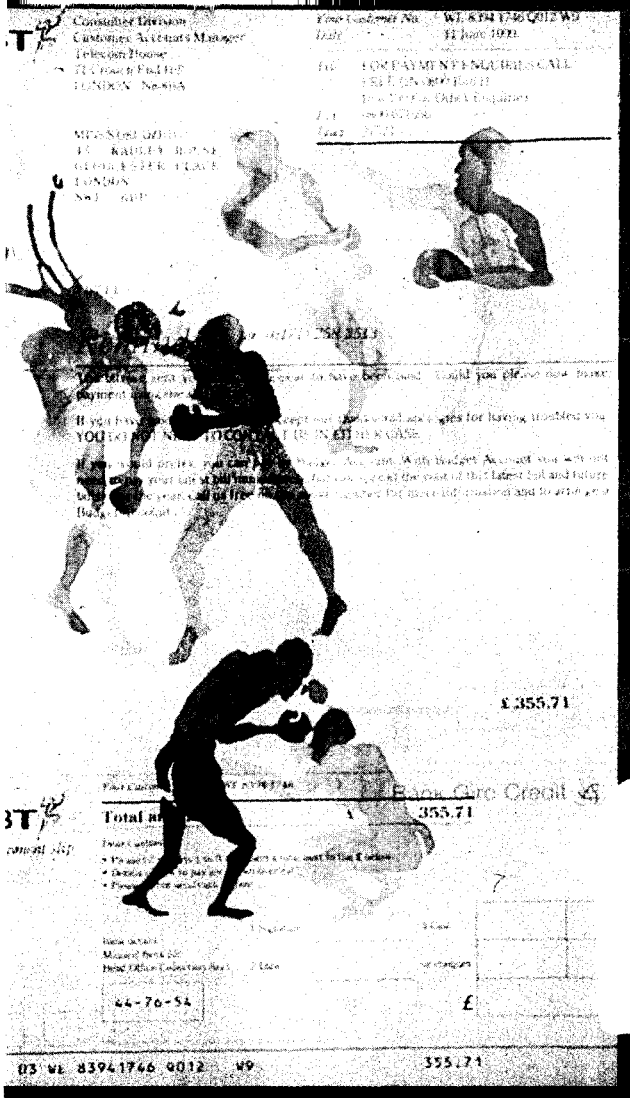

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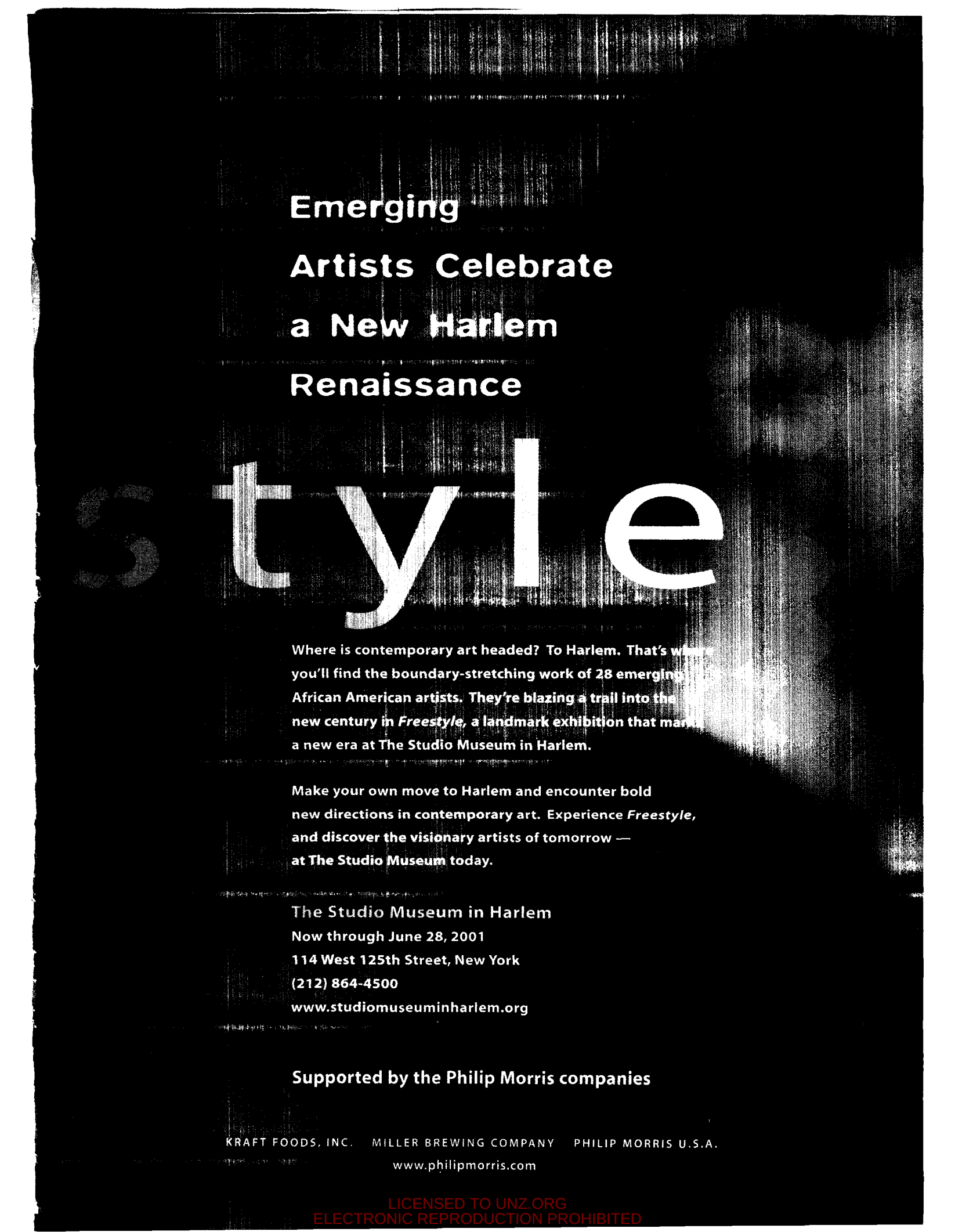
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April 30 issue; printed April 12

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MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330
SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232
WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226
ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
Executive Publisher Scott F. Budd
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■ LETTERS ■

BACK TO *BAKKE*

Richard Lowry's excellent "Quota U" (March 19) does the *Bakke* decision more than justice. He is not correct that a majority of the Court held the medical school's racially discriminatory admission policy unconstitutional. Only Justice Powell reached that conclusion; four of the other justices would have held the policy constitutional, and the remaining four concluded, quite correctly, that because the policy was clearly prohibited by the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the constitutional question was moot.

The constitutional question may be debatable, but the 1964 act could not be more clear in its prohibition of racial discrimination. For Powell and four other justices to refuse to accept this was an act of judicial bad faith, a violation of the "good behavior" requirement that is a condition of their tenure, and an abuse of office that would not be permitted in other public officials. Except for the willingness of Powell and four other justices to pervert the statute, we would have no "affirmative action" programs today and no need to consider their constitutionality.

Lino A. Graglia
University of Texas School of Law
Austin, Tex.

THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS

Your reviewer Jacob Heilbrunn must be making a claim to know my deepest subjective feelings when he writes ("Hitler's Historian," April 2) that I "adore" David Irving. In the strictly objective sphere, nothing that I have said or written about Irving would begin to warrant such an assertion. Mr Heilbrunn doesn't usually stray beyond the evidence in this way, nor does he know me well enough to guess the secrets of my heart. He probably, however, does know me well enough to know that—immediate family intermittently exempted—I do not "adore" anybody.

Christopher Hitchens
Washington, D.C.

JACOB HEILBRUNN REPLIES: *I may not be able to divine Christopher Hitchens's innermost thoughts, but I can read his writings. In* Vanity Fair *(June 1996), he described Irving's antagonists as "hysterical and old-maidish" and lauded Irving himself as "a great historian of Fascism." Perhaps not adoration, but dubious enough, I should think.*

WHOSE 'OVERCLASS'?

In the of April 16 issue, Dinesh D'Souza wrote ("Professor Moneybags"): "This means that America has created the first mass affluent class in world history. I call it the Overclass."

What a coincidence! I call it the overclass, too. In fact, I called it the overclass in 1995, in my book *The Next American Nation*, which inspired a *Newsweek* cover story about the overclass, complete with a list of the "Overclass 100" and a cover cartoon by Garry Trudeau. Although the term "overclass" (a cognate of a Swedish word) was introduced into English along with "underclass" by Gunnar Myrdal in the 1940s, everyone from Virginia Postrel on the right to Richard Rorty on the left gives me credit for having introduced the term into contemporary public discourse as a label for the new credentialed American elite. For example, World Wide Words, an online British encyclopedia, credits "Michael Lind" with the fact that the term "sprang into prominence in the US in 1995."

It is interesting, therefore, that in his 2000 book *The Virtue of Prosperity*, as in his NATIONAL REVIEW article, D'Souza writes as though he were giving this term a new meaning (there is no reference to my work in the end notes, nor does my name appear in the index between "Lincoln, Abraham" and "Lipset, Seymour Martin"). Interesting, because six years earlier, in 1995, D'Souza himself reviewed *The Next American Nation* in the *Washington Post*, writing: "In Lind's view, a 'white overclass' . . . has . . . seized control of the country . . . " Interesting.

Michael Lind
Washington, D.C.

DINESH D'SOUZA REPLIES: As Michael Lind notes, he didn't invent the term "overclass." In fact, he used it in a specific context, to refer to the meritocratic elite (as contrasted with those who need, or demand, affirmative action to advance). I use 'overclass' in a different context than is defined in his book: I used it to refer to families with a net worth of $1 million or more and an annual income of $150,000 or more. So I didn't feel it necessary to cite Lind (or Myrdal).

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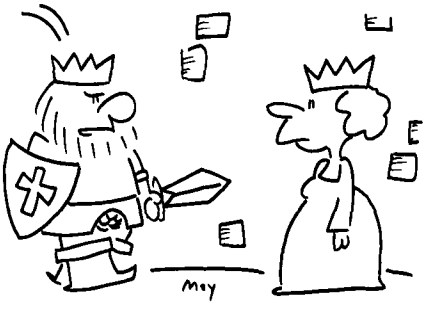
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ President **Bush**: "We need significant tax relief—I mean significant tax relief—and we need it now." . . . Sen. **John Breaux** (D., La.): "A tax cut over $1 trillion that is supported by a large majority is a huge victory for him. Whether it's $1.3 trillion, 1.4, 1.5, or 1.6, it doesn't make that much difference." . . . Rep. **Jennifer Dunn** (R., Wash.) defends House vote eliminating death tax, in *New York Times*: "We all know that if you leave any part of this tax intact, this tax will grow back." . . . Black Entertainment Television's **Robert L. Johnson** mobilizes prominent black business leaders against death tax on grounds it widens wealth gap between blacks and whites. . . . Vice President **Cheney**, on ABC: "This president is eager to veto appropriations that come in over budget."

■ Bush, on judicial nominations: "I may decide to send somebody up that will create a tough fight, I don't know. I haven't gotten there yet. But of course, if I pick somebody, I want them to get confirmed, so we'll be mindful of that." . . . Solicitor general nominee **Ted Olson**, during confirmation hearings: "It is not my agenda to seek an opportunity to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*." . . . Justice **Antonin Scalia**, speaking at Tulane University, on Supreme Court's role in 2000 election: "The Court's taken a lot of heat for it? It's news to me! . . . You must be under the impression we're watching these shows.". . . **Bill Clinton**, on Bush administration, according to *Variety*: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and that's what they're concentrating on." . . . Clinton formally pays $25,000 fine with personal check, in deal with independent counsel **Robert Ray** that also cost Clinton his law license for 5 years. . . . Final price of **Ken Starr** and Ray's investigations of President Clinton: $59.9 million, according to GAO.

■ *New York Post* asks Sen. **Hillary Clinton** (D., N.Y.): "Are you ruling out a run for president not just in 2004, but in 2008 and beyond?" Clinton replies: "Yes." . . . More Hillary, on book for which she received $8 million advance: "I think I'm writing this book so I can just understand my own life." . . . In televised address, California governor **Gray Davis** (D.) says state must cut energy use by 10 percent and hike rates by 26.5 percent. The speech, quips **Harvey Rosenfield** of Foundation for Taxpayer and Consumer Rights, says "turn out the lights, turn off your air conditioners, take out your wallet." . . . **Al Gore**'s campaign manager **Donna Brazile**, in *Harvard Political Review*: "I think in retrospect if we could have done one thing differently, I would have started the campaign off in Tennessee. Perhaps that would have allowed us to spend more resources in the vice president's home state and given the people there a better opportunity to see him as one of their own and not as an outsider."



"That wasn't any fun—France surrendered before I even got to the border!"

■ Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.), on whether he'll run for president in 2004, on CBS: "Don't bet on it." . . . Clinton chief of staff **Erskine B. Bowles** considers challenging Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) next year. . . . **Cathy Keating**, wife of Gov. **Frank Keating** (R.), says she will run for seat now held by departing Rep. **Steve Largent** (R., Okla.). . . . Florida considers restoring voting rights to ex-felons. . . . **Ron K. Unz** may run anti-bilingual-education initiative in Colorado next year. . . . Priests for Life to spend $12 million on media campaign, including thousands of billboards bearing message, "Hurting from Abortion? The Doors of the Church are Open!"

■ Bush: "In my sentences, I go where no man has gone before." . . . An Associated Press story: "Bush's predecessor, Bill Clinton, could discuss any issue at length. Bush, by his own omission, occasionally stumbles over his words. On Thursday, he poked fun at one such miscue when he fumbled the word 'underestimate.'" (Thanks to **Rich Galen** for spotting this "omission.") . . . . Number of people claiming American Indian ancestry doubles, according to 2000 census. . . . Rep. **J. C. Watts** (R., Okla.): "Dolly the sheep will learn to fly before the U.S. House of Representatives condones human cloning." . . . Rep. **Thomas Reynolds** (R., N.Y.), in *National Journal*: "After thirty years in public life, I consider redistricting politics the toughest to survive." . . . *Los Angeles Times*, editorializing for campaign-finance reform: "Foes [of McCain-Feingold] will . . . argue that the reform bill is a massive affront to the First Amendment's guardianship of free speech as well. Don't listen to them."

■ Egyptian president **Hosni Mubarak** on **Saddam Hussein**, in *Newsweek* interview: "The more you bomb him, the stronger he gets. . . . The Iraqi opposition you have in the United States—forget about it. They cannot deliver—now or after Saddam. Any opposition group from outside the country that is known as working with the Americans is seen as traitors to the people." . . . Canadian navy considers equipping ships with theater-range antiballistic missiles. . . . Tourism plummets 80 percent in areas of Britain hit worst by foot-and-mouth disease, reports *The Independent*. . . . Buddhist organization in Sri Lanka plans to build scaled-down replica of Bamiyan Buddhas demolished by Taliban regime in Afghanistan, asks India and Pakistan to aid project.

■ **David Letterman** visits Al Gore's journalism class at Columbia University. Gore tells students, "The metanarrative is that Gore is stiff, Bush mangles his words, and Clinton eats cheeseburgers," reports *Washington Post*. Letterman responds: "Am I the only one here who has never heard of the word 'meta-narrative'?" **NR**

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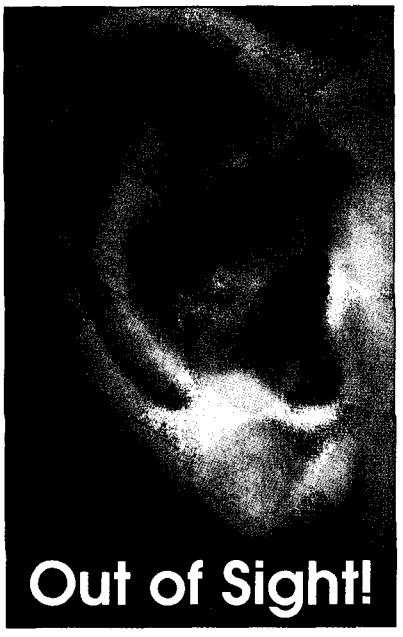

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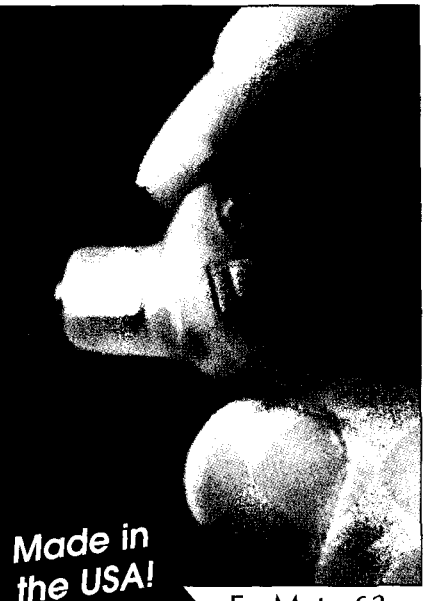

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THE WEEK

■ George W. Bush has now won Florida more times than Lawton Chiles.

■ By a narrow margin, the Senate voted for a budget resolution that shrinks President Bush's tax cut from $1.6 trillion to $1.2 trillion. This was a defeat, but one that needs to be put in perspective. Bush's tax cuts have always enjoyed more support when presented as specific policies—reductions in tax rates, an end to the marriage penalty, etc.—than as an abstract number. The budget resolution, however, contained only the $1.6 trillion number, not the policies. When the Senate does vote on the policies, the president will almost certainly get more votes. Democrats are resisting voting for tax cuts for as long as they can, but in the end many of them will want to vote for a tax-cut bill. And if the Senate vote was disappointing, it also provided some welcome clarity to the debate. Three northeastern Republicans—Jeffords of Vermont, Chafee of Rhode Island, and Specter of Pennsylvania—voted against the president because they want the federal government to have more money to spend. Jeffords, for example, wants to make funding for disabled schoolchildren (and, in practice, "disabled" schoolchildren) a federal entitlement. Opponents of the tax cut have been claiming that they would prefer to pay down the national debt. But the money taken away from the tax cut in the budget resolution was allocated for new spending, not for debt reduction. Opposition to the tax cut is a direct function of enthusiasm for federal spending.

■ Opponents of the estate tax say that it should be eliminated because, among other things, it is a form of double taxation: The money in estates was already subject to income tax when it was made. Writing in *Slate*, Michael Kinsley attempts to debunk this argument. He uses the example of a businessman much of whose fortune derives from a stock transfer. That transfer is not taxed. So when the businessman dies, the estate tax would hit that wealth for the first time. But Kinsley ignores the corporate income tax. The value of a stock reflects the future earnings of a company *after it pays its taxes*. Even without an estate tax, the government does get a bite at the apple. And there are arguments against the estate tax in addition to questions of multiple taxation. The tax reduces incentives to save and invest and generates large compliance costs. Some analyses suggest that the estate tax is so economically harmful that it costs the government more money than it raises. There are plenty of good reasons to ax the tax, and President Bush should stand firm in his resolve to do so.

■ A funny thing happened on the way to Senate passage of campaign-finance reform—the case for it was all but abandoned. Liberal columnists Michael Kinsley, David Broder, and Richard Cohen all criticized McCain-Feingold for its unconstitutional restrictions on political advertising. Indeed, even the bill's sponsors say that a provision added on the Senate floor beefing up the ad restrictions will be tossed out by the courts. What public good is supposedly served by this constitutional brinkmanship is unclear. McCain-Feingold does little to remedy the chief problem in the financing of campaigns, which is the sheer amount of time that candidates must spend raising money. Instead, it defunds the political parties and makes the lives of individual incumbents easier, by making it cheaper for them to buy TV ads, arming them against millionaire challengers, and shielding them from critical ads by outside groups. The bill will probably pass Congress. There are all sorts of tactical political considerations that suggest Bush should sign McCain-Feingold, and only one reason for him to veto it: It would be the right thing to do.

■ Here is Hendrik Hertzberg in the January 15 *New Yorker*: "Various consortia of leading national and Florida newspapers are examining scores of thousands of disputed and/or uncounted ballots. It will be many weeks before the results of these tabulations are known. And it is theoretically possible that they will validate Bush's victory, just as it is theoretically possible that, on account of random Brownian motion, all the molecules of air in one of the counting rooms will rush to a corner and the counters will be asphyxiated. But it's not likely. What is likely is that the independent counts will demonstrate that, no matter what standard is used, Florida, and therefore the Presidency, was unjustly awarded." Well, actually, the counts have shown exactly the opposite. Bush won Florida under every method for recounting used by the state's various canvassing boards. But the Democrats are loath to give up their line on Florida even now. They insist that a mythical Gore victory can still be found in the "over-votes," which no one, including the recount-happy Florida supreme court, wanted to count at the time; in the mistakes prompted by the Palm Beach butterfly ballot, which was perfectly legal and printed in newspapers prior to Election Day; and in the suppression of black votes by roadblocks, which is simply a poisonous lie. The media recounts should provide powerful ammunition in the ongoing battle over "stolen" Florida. In the meantime: All hail random Brownian motion!

■ The Army has rated the Third Infantry Division not ready for war. This is more evidence of exactly the sort of problem that George W. Bush criticized during the campaign. It is still with us because the military is still saddled with inap-

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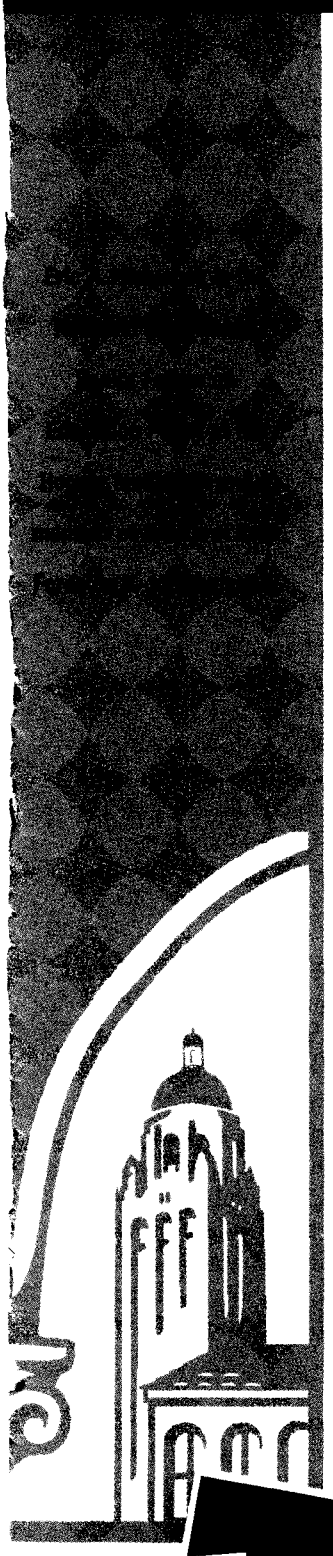
...enting with Students?



Reform of our schools founders on a lack of reliable knowledge. To introduce new programs in schools and to get them funded, programs are typically oversold. This overselling appears in terms of what outcomes can be expected and what evidence supports the program. As a result, school policymakers and the public are frequently disappointed by the results. Although not politically sexy, **correcting the lack of information about program effectiveness should be a national priority.**

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act, the blueprint for the federal policy, is up for reauthorization by Congress. It lacks a coherent strategy for improving our knowledge base. Nothing currently in the bill is likely to do as much for the education of our nation's children as would an extensive program of educational experimentation.

In education, it is common to argue that urgency precludes taking the time to develop an extensive evidentiary base. Moreover, isn't experimentation on kids undesirable, perhaps immoral? Thus, new programs are introduced more on the plausibility of the underlying idea than on evidence about effectiveness in improving student achievement. As a result, the typical high school senior today achieves at essentially the same level as the high school senior of 1970 even though real spending per student is up more than 80 percent.

Education research grounded in basic scientific principles is rare. At a basic level, most research fails to look at any objective measures of student outcomes or what causes what. For example, if we were interested in knowing the effect of a reading program designed for disadvantaged learners and we simply compared achievement of those in the program with those not in the program, we would have difficulty inferring the effectiveness of the program itself. The students in the program are selected for it because they need extra help. So are the differences in student performance a reflection of the program or the underlying selection mechanism?

An appealing way to circumvent such problems is to employ a random-assignment experiment, where students are placed into a program by chance. The extensive and informative social experimentation in the 1970s—including welfare, housing, and health insurance—has strongly influenced current policy. Medicine and agriculture have made dramatic strides through random-assignment experimentation. In education, only one experiment can be located (class-size reduction in the mid-1980s under Tennessee's Project STAR), with continuing controversy about its implications. Instead of designing experiments to resolve the policy dilemma, states across the country have simply followed California's example of rushing in with full-blown and expensive programs—never facing up to the possibility that nothing might happen to student achievement.

The fact is that schools are continually experimenting with students, although it is not called that and it lacks an evaluation component. **We should experiment more systematically across a range of reform areas so that we can improve our knowledge base.** A strategy for systematic innovations in the reauthorized Elementary and Secondary Education Act could be revolutionary.

— Eric A. Hanushek

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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propriate assignments. The Third Division was downgraded when nearly 4,000 of its troops were unavailable for training while on civic-administration and police duty in the Balkans. This latest embarrassment is another reminder that peacekeeping and war-making require different skills. As Condoleezza Rice put it last October, "We don't need to have the 82nd Airborne escorting kids to kindergarten." Unless, that is, we want to entrust our nation's defense to crossing guards.

■ What kind of company would respond to a declining market share by raising its prices and cutting back on its services? The kind that's run by the federal government. The Postal Service says that it might stop delivering the mail on Saturdays. This would be the latest in a long line of cutbacks: Remember when there were two deliveries a day and mailboxes were installed at the door instead of at the road? The Postal Service has a great many legal privileges: It has a monopoly on first-class and third-class mail, it pays no taxes, it can regulate its competitors. It says that service cutbacks are necessary to achieve efficiency. But if efficiency is the goal, wouldn't it be better to give free markets a try?

■ A federal court voided a $109 million judgment against an anti-abortion website, the "Nuremberg Files," which listed the names and addresses of abortionists, crossing out those who had been murdered. The judges bizarrely held that the site, a clear incitement to kill, was protected "political speech." The pro-death wing of the pro-life movement takes its inspiration from John Brown. After Brown was arrested, Henry David Thoreau, the bloodthirsty belletrist, hailed him for raising the abolition movement above the "dust of politics." But it wasn't rampaging kooks who changed the nation's mind on slavery, it was the political victory in 1860 of the Republican party. When the South seceded, the rebellion was not crushed by freelance snipers, but by the army of the Union. Murdering abortionists is not only murder, it is the politics of fantasy, engaged in by the those too impatient and too proud to deal in dust.

McConnell Rides to Court

Put on your old grey bonnet
With a grin as you don it,
And we'll watch Mitch hitching up the shay;
Then he'll flog Old Dobbin
As McCain keeps sobbin',
"You can't treat horse flesh that way."

—W. H. von Dreele

■ Just released results from a yearly federal assessment of student achievement reveal that two-thirds of fourth graders read below grade level, that 37 percent lack basic reading skills, and that the weakest students have fallen further behind. Although reading problems are apparent in the majority of schools, the worst reader is typically a male minority student living in a high-poverty urban area, who watches six hours or more of television a day. The weight of responsibility rests with parents raising these couch tater tots, and with the education colleges, which remain opposed to teaching phonics. But the federal government shares the blame. Washington has wasted about $125 billion on Title I over the past 25 years in an attempt to improve the education of poor kids. President Bush now proposes spending an additional $5 billion on literacy programs. Throwing more money at a public monopoly in the grip of "whole language" enthusiasts won't boost pathetic reading scores—which will be on Bush's own report card for the next few years.

■ Harold O. Levy, New York City's chancellor of schools, decided to let Edison Schools, Inc., have a crack at running five failed city schools. But, it being New York, the effort never had a chance. Levy required a "yes" vote from at least half the parents in each school (school-board elections never get such a turnout), and he failed to make the case for private oversight himself, leaving the field to left-wing activists and the teachers union. Score one for the disgraceful status quo.

■ The New York *Daily News* revived charges of sexual harassment against Michael R. Bloomberg, the liberal billionaire who hopes to be the Republican candidate for mayor of New York this November. When an employee told Bloomberg she was pregnant, he is supposed to have exclaimed, "Kill it!" The employee's suit was settled out of court. True or not, the story raises an interesting point. The four likely Democratic candidates, and Bloomberg himself, are vehemently pro-choice. From their point of view, why should such a remark be considered harassing? If an employee complained of corns, and her boss said, "Clip 'em!" would that engender a lawsuit? Why the fuss over a bunch of cells?

■ Andrew Xue, age five, is a U.S. citizen by birth. Earlier this year, he traveled to China with his parents to celebrate the lunar new year. Both Andrew's parents were Chinese citizens at that point, but they had lived some years in the U.S. and had completed all the required steps in the process of becoming U.S. citizens except for the last, ceremonial one. At Beijing airport waiting for a flight back to this country, the entire family was arrested by Chinese secret police. Mr. Xue spent seven days being screamed at by interrogators, and a further 19 days in solitary confinement with no news of his family. Andrew was hustled off to an orphanage, where he was held for the same 26 days without being permitted any contact with his parents, or with U.S. consular

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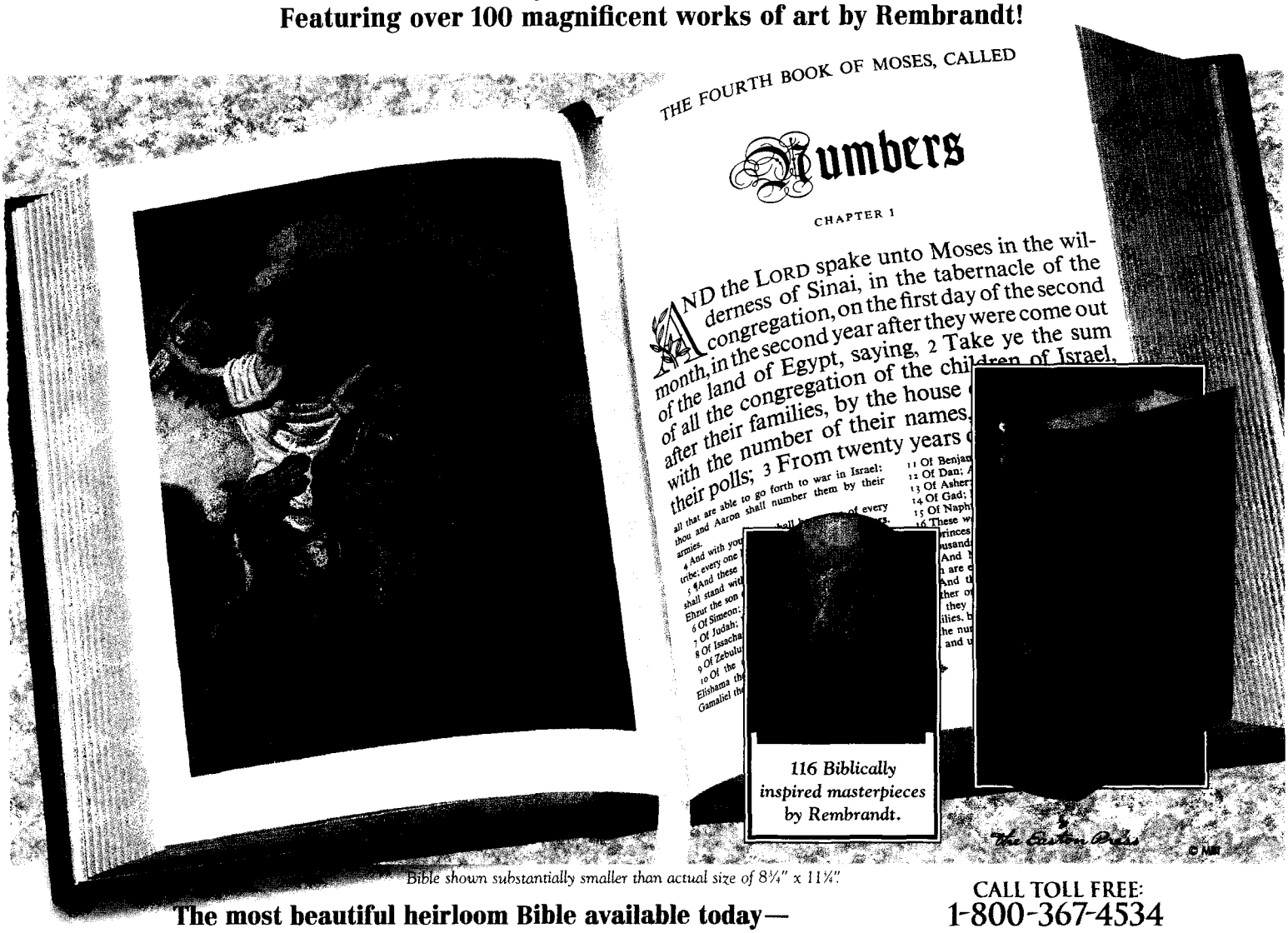
THE FOURTH BOOK OF MOSES, CALLED
Numbers
CHAPTER 1
AND the LORD spake unto Moses in the wilderness of Sinai, in the tabernacle of the congregation, on the first day of the second month, in the second year after they were come out of the land of Egypt, saying, 2 Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls; 3 From twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel: thou and Aaron shall number them by their armies.
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officials—this last, a violation of U.S.-Sino agreements on the detention of each other's citizens. Father and son were then released and permitted to return to the U.S. Nothing was heard of Mrs. Xue (who, in the Chinese style, is known by her maiden name, Gao Zhan) until, in late March, China's State Security Bureau said that she had "openly confessed" to the crime of "damaging state security." Mrs. Xue is a sociologist at Washington's American University. Another U.S. citizen, Prof. Li Shaomin, whose field is business studies, disappeared on February 25 while traveling in China on a U.S. passport. He is known to be in the hands of the secret police, but no details are available. At least two other scholars who are U.S. residents, but not citizens, have been jailed, and their "green cards" taken away by the Chinese authorities. Thus does the bullyboy of Asia show its respect for the sensibilities of what a recent U.S. president, whose name escapes us, was pleased to refer to as its "strategic partner."

■ The Chinese government has granted a team of Spanish mountaineers permission to scale a mountain in Tibet that is sacred to Buddhism, Hinduism, and the indigenous pre-Buddhist religion of the country. The feat will be a sacrilege—which is why Beijing is encouraging it. The Chinese may buy and sell; hip Chinese women long ago traded ugly Mao pants for cute skirts. All that remains of Marxism-Leninism is the rule of the Party, and the war on the opiate of the people.

■ A drama is currently playing live on NTV, the one and only independent television network in Russia. NTV's financing is certainly complex in origin, probably dubious. But the channel and its print subsidiaries have established themselves as independent, taking one of the few successful steps towards democracy in today's Russia. These media outlets have consistently criticized President Vladimir Putin for his authoritarian policies, and especially his handling of the Chechnya crisis. Putin went hard into the attack. NTV's moving spirit and main shareholder, Vladimir Gusinsky, is now in exile in Spain, facing fraud charges but so far escaping extradition. A new Putin-approved chairman and a new director general have been railroaded into NTV. Newscasters and anchormen, many of them household names, are using their programs to appeal to the public to rally in defense of the station's independence; they are spending the night in the studio, and keeping their would-be successors at bay. Under the pressure, however, some journalists have resigned. In Moscow and St. Petersburg, thousands of protesters are gathering. Putin claims that this business has nothing to do with him, but the public is aware that free speech hangs in the balance.

■ The United Nations works hard to keep up its high reputation for the politics of gesture. Led by Russia and China, not to mention Bangladesh and Mali and Jamaica, the Security Council recently called for a resolution to station a U.N. observer force in Gaza and the West Bank. The evident purpose of this resolution was to prevent Israel from defending itself against the current terror. The United States—for the first time in four years—used its veto. A deeply satisfying act. Meanwhile, Arab governments, at a specially convened summit in Amman, proved unable to agree among themselves to ask the U.N. to lift its sanctions against Iraq. The Iraqis refused outright to apologize for invading Kuwait. So instead the participants spat at Israel, and promised a billion dollars or two for the Palestinians, which are unlikely ever to be paid. The politics of gesture is a rare ornamental animal, thought by many to belong to the same family as the peace process.

■ Not long ago, we marked the closing of *L'Unità*, the newspaper of the Italian Communist party. It had run out of Moscow gold and had no new readers for its hoary ideas. Now, however, wealthy investors have gotten the thing going again—hanging themselves with capitalist rope, as Lenin didn't quite put it.

■ There was jubilation in Iraq April 1 after the newspaper *Babel*, run by Uday Hussein, elder son of Saddam Hussein, announced a big rise in food rations. The announcement was later revealed to have been an April Fool's joke by the authorities. Their all-too-visible ribs thoroughly tickled by the wit of their rulers, the people of Iraq, after some brief, spontaneous expressions of joyous mirth, returned to grubbing for roots in the soil of their wretched, blighted country.

■ John Kass, writing in the *Chicago Tribune*, notes that the media scrutiny of Jesse Jackson's finances is long overdue. "For years, Jackson has been treated kindly. Here's my explanation. In the media, we're white people, mostly, and mostly suburban born, mostly Democrats, terrified of being called racists, even if the charge comes from a hustler. Black reporters don't want to become targets either. So news organizations skip timidly around Jackson's finances, though we've known his race baiting has carried a price tag. Perhaps it's because we in the media, particularly TV news, have also used him for decades, installing Jackson as chief black translator of the black American experience. Through this condescending bargain, this queasy media pact laced with white liberal guilt and white liberal racism, the crafty Jackson has prospered. His profile increased, while other black voices, those with legitimate yet differing views, were diminished. We didn't want true diversity. We wanted it easy. We used him. And he used us. . . . Jackson's finances, his deals, it's all a worthy story. . . . But those of us who write this Jackson story shouldn't forget that there's another part too. It's about us."

■ Dan Rather appeared and spoke at a Democratic fundraiser in Austin, Texas, and conservative media critics are up in arms. We should throw a banquet in his honor. What's wrong with Rather is what he says, on the job, under the pretense of being *hors de combat*. A better model for the media would be the standard that prevailed among American newspapers in

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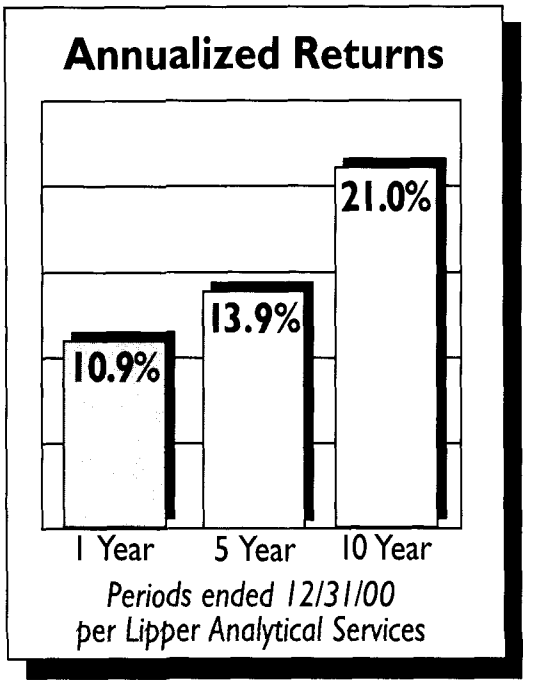

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the 19th century, and that still animates European papers today: the frank avowal of ideological, and even partisan, orientation. The *New York Evening Post*, which, minus the *Evening*, still publishes, was founded by Alexander Hamilton as a Federalist Party organ. Under such a regime, the quality papers still make every effort to get their facts straight. But you know where they are coming from. Mr. Rather has finally caught up with the Founding Fathers.

■ The principal of West Annapolis Elementary School has banned students from playing tag, on the grounds that it violates the school's "no touching" policy. "They would start up, and inevitably it got too rough," says the principal, Joan Brisco. A local education bureaucrat who had approved the policy stepped up to add the necessary coating of edu-babble: "What we're constantly trying to do is use structured discipline policies and logical consequences to let youngsters know what the rules are." But who will let the youngsters know what nitwits are those set in charge of their instruction and socialization?

■ On May 16, six years after his truck bomb murdered 168 people in Oklahoma City, Timothy McVeigh will be executed. Unfortunately, he is becoming a celebrity. A book about him, *American Terrorist*, has been excerpted in *Newsweek* and has been the subject of a TV interview with the reporters who wrote it. We hear at length about McVeigh's (worthless) opinions, his likes and dislikes, etc., etc. He is a self-absorbed fool who has no remorse over his atrocious crime, and it will be a plus for civilization when he is turned into a corpse.

■ The heirs of Margaret Mitchell are trying to block a retelling of *Gone with the Wind* from the point of view of Scarlett O'Hara's black half-sister. Prequels and sequels and plain ripoffs have been a staple of literature since the tales of King Arthur, but the publishers of this work give the game away by calling it a political comment on the original. Next up: *Moby-Dick; or The Black Whale*, by Herman X.

■ Barbra Streisand, a lounge singer, has issued a memo to all Democratic members of Congress, urging them not to buckle under the iron heel of Bush-Cheney despotism. As a compendium of current leftist clichés, this little missive could hardly be improved on. George W. Bush? He "stole the presidency . . . by disenfranchising thousands of blacks, elderly Jews and other minorities." The Republican Congress? It is "passing laws that benefit corporations and the privileged few at the expense of the working men and women of this country." The Supreme Court? It seeks "to overturn everything we struggled for over the last 30 years." Clinton? "As Rose Kennedy said about John Kennedy: 'Great men have great flaws.'" The nicest touch, asserting the authority of the celebrity-activist complex over the Democratic party while at the same time illustrating the warm, personal nature of that authority, was the valediction: just "Barbra," with no surname. Cue Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston: "Gimme that old time religion, gimme that old time religion . . . "

■ We have remarked before that Bill Clinton and the rapper "Puff Daddy" Combs have a lot in common. Both are clearly guilty parties who imagine themselves victims, hounded by The Man and The System. Puff Daddy himself evidently sees the similarities too. Announcing that he was changing his name to "P. Diddy," he said, "So probably, like, the first week in June, we are going to have a name-change ceremony. Clinton is probably going to change my name. Bill Clinton, I like his style. He is a survivor, they went at him, he is still standing." Oh, the stories J.Lo. and H.Cli. (H.Rod.?) could tell.

■ For about fifty years, students at the Virginia Military Institute have stood silently at attention before dinner while a blessing is delivered. The vast majority of students and all school officials value this custom. But VMI is state-supported, and a handful of students, with the support of the ACLU, is threatening litigation to ban the practice. The bad manners thus exhibited, the chutzpah and foolish contentiousness, obviously disqualify these students from standing as officers and gentlemen.

CHINA

Regrets Only

As all the world knows, on April 1 an American surveillance plane and a Chinese fighter collided near Hainan, and both went down. For ten days, the government of China refused to release the 24 downed American servicemen and demanded an apology, for both the alleged spying and its lost pilot. On April 11, the Bush administration secured the release of the crew by issuing a letter that 1) apologized for our plane's breach of Chinese airspace, 2) expressed appreciation for "China's efforts to see to the well-being of our crew," and 3) agreed to a meeting to discuss when the plane will be returned and how future collisions can be avoided.

In judging this settlement, it is important to keep in mind what China's real goal during this episode has been. What China wants is to push America out of the South China Sea. When Beijing says that the planes collided in Chinese airspace, and Washington responds that they were over international waters, they are not disputing a location. They are disputing a jurisdiction. The Chinese claim that the sea and the sky above it are theirs. They are therefore justified in harassing our planes to try to drive us out—even if that harassment increases the risk of a deadly accident. Such as the one the Chinese caused on April 1.

Beijing's demand for an apology was a provocation dressed up as a protest. To apologize for our surveillance would have been to concede China's territorial claim. And with America out of the South China Sea, Taiwan would be even more vulnerable to Beijing. The Chinese were holding Americans

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hostage so that they might be able to hold Taiwan hostage later.

The administration should be commended for avoiding this concession. The letter it released is ambiguous about when our plane entered Chinese airspace—before the collision or during the emergency landing. Less commendable were the administration's concessions on the intangible dimensions of security to which we refer as "face." To express regret over the Chinese pilot's death is unobjectionable. But to apologize for a landing forced by Chinese recklessness and preceded by several unanswered Mayday calls, and to thank the Chinese for treating American hostages well, veers near kowtow territory.

No doubt the administration considered these concessions necessary to get the crew back safely and quickly. But their return, though obviously welcome, should never have been the principal concern of American policy. Our servicemen are not more important than the objective they serve: America's security, which includes our standing in the world. Our adversaries and allies alike now have further reason to believe that we are a sentimental superpower, and thus a vulnerable one.

The damage would have been worse had the administration given in to the Chinese demand entirely and apologized for our plane's being over the South China Sea. Moreover, the damage need not be lasting. In its talks with the Chinese, the administration can still hold firm on our right to conduct surveillance there. If we sent surveillance planes to the area in the week following the crew's release, and accompanied those planes with fighters, that would underscore our resolve. Gathering intelligence in the South China Sea is also a way of demonstrating our commitment to keeping the peace between China and Taiwan. The case for defensive arms sales to Taiwan was strong before this latest incident, and has been made stronger still by it.

During the Clinton years, American policy toward China was marked by wishful thinking. Officials clung to the fantasy that China was our "strategic partner," or that commercial engagement alone would make it so. But China's hostage-taking has gone a long way toward wiping away any remaining American illusions about this ambitious, ruthless, and therefore dangerous dictatorship. Stripped of illusions, we will have many advantages over China in the conflicts to come. China may, for one thing, be making miscalculations of its own. Beijing is underestimating its neighbors' desire to see America retain its presence in the region. And it is overestimating America's willingness to be pushed around.

Speaking of which: The administration's defense review cannot proceed quickly enough.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Fighting the Faith

PRESIDENT BUSH is learning how dangerous it is to let faith-based organizations and ideas get too close to government. Not churches trying to help drug addicts, but environmentalists.

The blizzard of midnight regulations that Bill Clinton signed at the end of his presidency included a new EPA standard on arsenic in water, knocking the accepted level down from 50 parts per billion to 10, in order to avoid risks of cancer. This was done even though no studies have suggested cancer effects at the old level, and despite the fact that the costs of compliance could raise rates in small towns where fewer consumers would bear the increase, or could even force utilities to cut off service. Bush wanted a harder look at the problem. He got rewarded by bad headlines, jokes about drinking poison, and antsy Republican moderates.

Bush is preparing to back down on another issue—drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR) on the north coast of Alaska. As the *Washington Post* editorialized in 1987, ANWR "is one of the bleakest, most remote places on this continent, and there is hardly any other where drilling would have less impact on the surrounding life . . ." Fourteen years later, right-thinking folk have decided that the frozen caribou commuting corridor is a "unique, wild, and biologically vital ecosystem" (the *Post* today), and Bush's campaign proposals to allow drilling there were greeted as Earth-rape. Bush has decided to look elsewhere for natural gas.

The president did take a tough shot, however, at the Kyoto protocol on carbon-dioxide emissions. Kyoto would have given the United States and Europe until 2010 to reduce these emissions from 1990 levels by 7 and 8 percent respectively. The advanced world would suffer a 2 to 4 percent shrinkage of GDP if it implemented the Kyoto cutbacks (the Third World was given a free pass). No politician could face slamming on the brakes that hard, and in fact European nations have not put in place the legislation necessary to lower their levels. Bush acknowledged the fact, declaring that "we will not do anything that harms our economy." For his blunt honesty, he was showered by abuse from hypocritical Europeans.

That reaction will seem like a serenade if Bush follows through on an energy strategy being developed by an interagency task force led by Vice President Cheney. The Cheney group has concluded that natural gas cannot make up all of America's energy needs, and that some of America's new power plants should be nuclear. Nuclear power is clean and safe; France has relied heavily on it for decades without ill effects. But it has been a dead letter in this country since the Three Mile Island mishap, which the press treated grotesquely with stories of glowing fish and atomic clouds converging on New York City.

Radical environmentalism is a religion. Its version of original sin is human existence itself, which disturbs the balance of nature. Any specific instance of pollution, or supposed pollution, activates the crushing sense of guilt that devotees labor under. Only a handful practice the faith in its purest form. But even the mild, establishmentarian version to which politicians pay lip service—the equivalent of church attendance as a social function—limits options and leads to crises. California's rolling blackouts

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have been caused, in part, by a failure to add generating capacity.

The special case of California—which will seem less special, as spring passes into summer, and other parts of the country experience their own shortages—has, to be sure, been exacerbated by another religion: populist opposition to rate increases. Gov. Gray Davis fought against raising rates even as his cities went dark, and criticized his own Public Utilities Commission in March when it proposed to raise them. A week later, he reversed himself, signing on to rate increases as high as 34 percent for large consumers. The governor belatedly discovered that the market is an engine of conservation. The pixilated California GOP was no smarter, having opposed rate increases itself.

George W. Bush showed impressive toughness in junking Kyoto. It may be a defining symbol, as abandoning the Law of the Sea Treaty was for Ronald Reagan. But fighting the religion of the environment will call for more than economic arguments, however stubbornly made. A pernicious philosophy has to be understood philosophically. There is a case for conservation, based on aesthetics, market economics, and Biblical stewardship. Making it will mean countering irrational convictions, not just end-running them.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Bill: I am launching a campaign to introduce a synonymous vocabulary that will replace words that have outworn their usefulness or, in the present political scene, seem too harsh.

For example, *gay*, which destroys a useful adjective and is totally inaccurate in today's usage. It demeans homosexuals as limp-wristed gigglers, and could well be replaced by the noun *androgene* or the adjective *muliebrous*.

There is also considerable confusion over *phallus*, which does not *trissilate*, and *thallus*, which does. Liberals, moreover, should be required to use *isocracy*—equality that is physical, intellectual, and in the sack—for *democracy*.

I offer the following replacements:

Eisegesis: Incorrect interpretation of a text—i.e., the Constitution—by distorting the meaning to fit a preconceived idea. This would eliminate such terms as *strict constructionism*, and bring joy to the heart of Madam Justice Ginsburg.

Thesmophete: Lawgiver.

Sinistrocular: Using the left eye more than the right.

Misosophy: Hatred of wisdom.

Liberticide: A proponent of liberal policies.

Misandry: Feminism, or hatred of men by women.

Coprozoic: I wouldn't want to shock NR's readers, so I refer them to σκατα, as in scatological.

Calotte: Sen. Lieberman's yarmulke, which brings him closer to Rome, but raises no questions as to whether he does or does not wind phylacteries every morning, as do Herman Wouk and other orthodox Jews.

Anabiosis: Return to life after seeming death, applicable to Democrats and Republicans.

Allalalia: A disease under which words are spoken or employed without thought to their meaning, as among *New York Times* and *Washington Post* editorial writers and Anthony Lewis.

Depotentiate: Divest of power, as applied to ex-presidents.

Via media: Arthur Schlesinger's "vital center"—to the left of Karl Marx.

Vigintillion: Ten to the 120th power, or fiscal restraint to Sens. Kennedy and Clinton.

Misocapnic: Hating tobacco smoke.

Blissom: Sex-crazy.

Given your passion for words, Bill, I am sure you can find another couple of scores, including neologisms.

After all, you reintroduced *oxymoron*.

Best,
Ralph [de Toledano]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ralph: A splendid beginning!

Warmest,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I note that the noun *gravitas* is discussed again in "Notes & Asides" in connection with Vice President Cheney [Dec. 18, 2000].

Gravitas is *not* a salutary word as Mr. Arfaa writes.

Gravitas is found in *Webster's Unabridged* under the 8th definition of *gravity:* "lowness of pitch, as in sounds . . . heaviness, equiv. to *grav(is)* heavy . . ."

I'd say that under this definition Mr. Cheney is a heavy guy who rumbles when he speaks. If one is charitable, perhaps it could mean that his words carry weight.

Next I turned to *Webster's* "New Words Section," where *gravitas* is given its own definition: "seriousness or sobriety, as of conduct or speech."

I know people who are serious and sober, and sound like it, but they are not necessarily intelligent or wise. I conclude that *gravitas* is *not* a salutary word to describe Mr. Cheney. (It's like the adjective *fulsome*, which is much misused.)

Cordially,
John Hirsch
Eagles Mere, Pa.

Dear Mr. Hirsch: Okay, but what's that about "salutary"? *Gravitas*, as used in current situations, is not intended to suggest remedial qualities; rather, weighty.

Cordially,

—WFB

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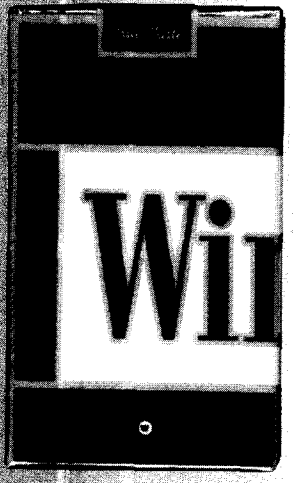

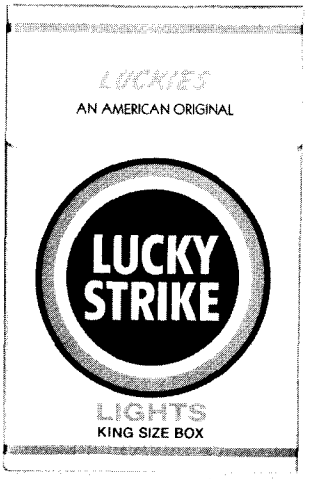

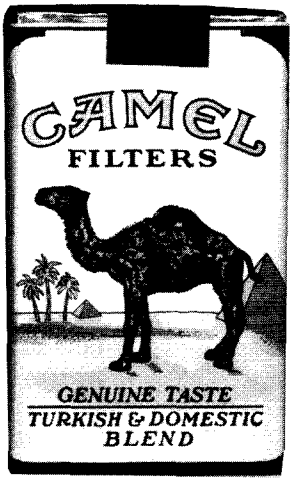

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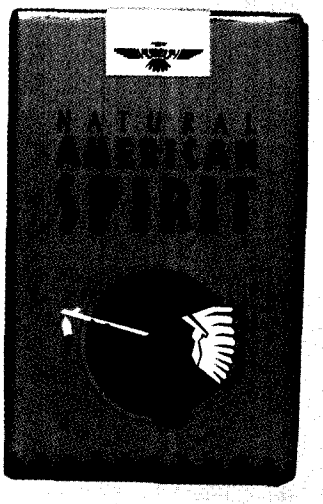

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■ PUBLIC POLICY ■

Killed on Taxes

The administration is blundering

STEPHEN MOORE

THE White House is gamely trying to put a positive spin on the Senate rejection of President Bush's $1.6 trillion tax cut—Hey, at least we got the Democrats to agree to $1.2 trillion!—but in reality, this was a major blow to Bush's program: The tax plan is shrinking at the very time when it could—and should—be growing. Worse, the administration has become vulnerable to a clever Democratic counterattack: Senate minority leader Tom Daschle and House minority leader Dick Gephardt now favor giving every worker a $300 tax-rebate check this year. The catch is they want to all but scuttle the longer-term income-tax rate cuts that are central to the Bush plan. "Our tax plan provides more tax relief, now when it's needed most," Daschle has slyly declared.

Daschle is at least partly right. The Democratic plan really *does* provide more tax relief now, when tax cuts are needed most. Never mind that the Democratic plan is economically silly: If governments could create prosperity by giving everybody $300, why don't Bangladesh and Nigeria try it? But the plan is politically attractive. The typical American will look at the two competing plans and think: Hmm, a $300 check right now or the mere promise of bigger tax cuts, which might arrive sometime around 2005. In those circumstances, it makes sense to just grab the check.

So the tax-cut effort is in serious trouble. The administration finds itself in this predicament largely as a result of its own freshman-year miscues. The first occurred when it became clear that the economy was in worse shape than most economists had originally believed. The Fed recently calculated that Americans lost a staggering $2.6 trillion of wealth in the last quarter of 2000. Because of those losses, consumers have slowed their purchases, blue-chip companies have laid off thousands of workers, and many high-tech businesses have gone bankrupt.

Tom Daschle by David Smith

Practically every prominent supply-sider has been urging Bush to endorse deeper and faster tax-rate cuts to boost the ailing stock market. The Bush team largely ignored the advice, insisting that they would not countenance revisions to their tax plan—even though it had been drafted nearly *14 months earlier*, in the midst of a roaring economy with GNP surging at a 5 percent rate. The result: Bush to this day has never submitted an anti-recession tax-cut plan, thus leaving the field wide open for the Democrats.

In February, Treasury secretary Paul O'Neill made a huge blunder when he virtually pledged to resign if the tax cut exceeded the Bush target of $1.6 trillion. This set a ceiling, rather than a floor, on the size of the tax cut. Worse, it undercut the promising work of Bush's conservative allies. Republican congressman Pat Toomey of Pennsylvania, for example, was fashioning a proposal that would have expanded on the Bush plan with a capital-gains tax cut, and deeper, immediate income-tax rate cuts.

The Toomey plan would have provided an immediate supply-side stimulus, and should have been warmly embraced by the Bush team. (Note to the White House: It's not too late!) The Toomey plan repaired the fundamental economic and political defect of Bush's original plan, the fact that it's far too backloaded either to help the economy now or to help Republicans politically in 2002 or 2004. More than two-thirds of the tax cut arrives after 2004, by which time Hillary could be running the White House and thus be the one reaping the rewards of the supply-side policy.

What on earth are the Republicans waiting for? The solution to their conundrum seems obvious: more supply-side tax cuts, faster. How can they let Tom Daschle get to the right of them on taxes? Here's another example: On the death tax, New York Democratic representative Charles Rangel proposed to cut the rate by 20 percent immediately. The Republican plan, meanwhile, calls for eliminating the tax over eleven years, and doesn't cut the rate by 20 percent until 2008 or later. Which plan is better? I'm not entirely sure. But why don't Republicans cut the rate 20 percent now (à la Rangel) and then phase out the rest over ten years?

Because, they say, that will "cost" too much. It turns out that congressional Republicans are politically constrained from endorsing virtually any tax plan that could truly help jump-start the economy, because of the tyranny of the "lockbox"—yes, the same "lockbox" of which Al Gore spoke so reverently. The lockbox originated as a contraption by which Republicans tried to prevent Democrats from spending the surplus. Judging by last year's 8 percent increase in expenditures, it didn't work; and the GOP is now caught in its own trap.

Mr. Moore, an NR contributing editor, is president of the Club for Growth.

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Republicans are also suffering from another self-inflicted wound, in that the budgetary-scorekeeping process on Capitol Hill is rigged against anyone who wants to cut taxes. The best political weapon Gephardt and Daschle have in the tax fight is an obscure congressional agency called the Joint Committee on Taxation (JCT). Ever since the GOP takeover of Congress in 1995, this committee has ostensibly been run by Republican appointees. But in the past few months, every JCT revenue forecast of the impact of the White House's tax proposals seems intentionally designed to make the worst conceivable case for the president's agenda.

■

Tom Daschle knows it's tax-cut adversaries who have the momentum.

■

The JCT has a long history of ineptitude. For years, antitax Republicans have raged about its inflated estimates of how much tax cuts will "cost." Here's one very recent example. In 1997, Republicans finally strong-armed President Clinton into signing a capital-gains tax cut, lowering the rate from 28 percent to 20 percent. The JCT declared that the bill would cost the Treasury billions of dollars over the next five years. Well, three years have passed, and guess what? The tax revenues from capital gains have *soared*. In 1996, with a 28 percent rate, the capital-gains collections were $52 billion. In 1999, with a 20 percent rate, they hit $99 billion. A near 30 percent cut in the tax rate almost doubled the revenues.

Nor has the JCT learned from its glaring mistake; it now scores the proposed 15 percent capital-gains cut as a revenue loser.

You'd be amazed how many absurd tax decisions Congress has made over the years, owing to the JCT's forecasting malpractice. The basic problem is that the JCT's models assume that macroeconomic behavior does not change when tax rates change: Raise the tax rate from 40 percent to 80 percent and ka-ching, the government automatically gets twice as much revenue in its cash register.

Republicans were supposed to fix all this back in 1995 when the GOP won control of Congress. But a few years ago, the Republicans appointed Lindy Paull, never a friend of supply-side policies, to run the JCT; and its faulty scoring of tax cuts has only gotten worse. The latest JCT episode, for example, has GOP tax-cutters scratching their heads in disbelief: Over the next ten years, the death tax is expected to raise about $400 billion—but at the behest of Charles Rangel, the JCT scored an immediate repeal of the death tax as "costing" $660 billion. That's about 50 percent more than the tax brings in! And get this: The JCT justifies this bizarre scoring by saying it took into account "behavioral responses" if the tax were ended. These "behavioral responses" are conveniently ignored, however, when they might suggest that tax cuts increase revenue.

When freshman House Republican Mark Kirk of Illinois arrived in Congress this January, he was so astonished at how bad the revenue scoring is that he introduced legislation to require the JCT to use what he aptly calls "real-world budgeting." By this, he means economic models that actually produce revenue forecasts that mimic what goes on in the real world. He has caught the ear of Reps. Dick Armey and Chris Cox, both of whom are working behind the scenes to get real-world dynamic budgeting adopted. It shouldn't even require legislation; there's no law on the books now that requires Congress to use models that have no predictive power. Just change the computer models so they reflect reality. And hurry!

The White House/congressional spin machine wants conservatives to think that even though the Senate trimmed the Bush tax cut by 20 percent in early April, it was still a victory. But it was Daschle and his anti-tax-cut forces, not Bush and Cheney, who were grinning from ear to ear after the Senate vote. They know it's tax-cut adversaries who have the momentum. If Republicans don't get behind a bigger and faster economic-recovery tax cut, and soon, they'd better get used to those front-page newspaper photos of a gleeful Tom Daschle as he dismantles the Bush tax plan—and Republican hopes of holding Congress in 2002. **NR**

■ **THE ADMINISTRATION** ■

Speedy Gonzales

Bush's fast-rising counsel

RAMESH PONNURU

It's widely recognized that the Bush administration has more Reaganites in it than the Reagan administration itself had. Nowhere is this more true than in the administration's legal team. Never have a Justice Department and a White House counsel's office had more lawyers committed to a conservative view of the proper role of judges. It's a talented and well-credentialed crew, too. But it is also operating under severe political constraints. So it remains in doubt whether the administration will nominate a conservative for the Supreme Court when it has a chance. The fact that White House counsel Alberto Gonzales tops most people's lists of likely nominees does nothing to resolve the mystery.

Gonzales was raised, with seven siblings, in a two-bedroom house in Houston. His mother had a sixth-grade education, four grades better than his father. After high school, he went to the Air Force Academy. While there, he decided he wanted to be a lawyer. He finished college at Rice, then went to Harvard Law. He became a corporate lawyer at a prestigious Houston firm. In 1995, George W. Bush, just elected governor, made Gonzales his counsel. Appointing Gonzales to office seems to have become a habit for Bush: He has since served as the secretary of state for Texas, a justice on the Texas supreme court, and now White House counsel. As Bush has said, "In many ways, Al embodies the American dream."

When Gonzales took his latest job, conservative lawyers in Washington were wary, even suspicious. Partly this was because he was not part of their inbred world. But Gonzales also had more of a reputation as a Bush loyalist than as a conservative. During his short

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time on the bench, he was considered a relative moderate—relative, that is, to Texas legal politics—and some of his votes deeply angered pro-lifers.

But Gonzales has moved quickly and effectively to allay conservatives' concerns. First, he staffed his office with highly regarded conservatives, including former clerks to Clarence Thomas and former aides to Kenneth Starr. He picked Timothy Flanagan, a conservative and Justice Department veteran, as his deputy. "This is the most overqualified White House counsel's office in history," says one conservative observer, who has consequently "gone 180" about Gonzales.

The administration has appointed conservatives to the Justice Department, too. Attorney general John Ashcroft is conversant with, and supportive of, conservative legal theories. Ted Olson, a member of the conservative intelligentsia, will be solicitor general; John Manning, a former Scalia clerk, will head the office of legal counsel (OLC).

A further Gonzales move has also gone a long way to dispel doubts about him: ending the American Bar Association's official role in judicial nominations. The ABA will still weigh in on nominations once they are sent to the Senate. But the administration has sent an important signal that it will not kowtow to the liberal legal establishment. Gonzales won high marks for sending the ABA a tough but civil letter informing it of the decision. And he did it even though there were risks to him: Presumably the ABA will remember this episode if he is nominated to the federal bench.

Gonzales's office has been working fast on judicial picks. The administration will probably announce several nominees in late April. Conservatives are going to be elated by them. University of Utah professor Michael McConnell, a leading critic of strict-separationist dogma on church-state relations, may get a position on the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals. It's been reported that conservative congressman Chris Cox will be appointed to the Ninth Circuit. Federalist Society favorites such as Jeff Sutton and Peter Keisler are being talked up (for the Sixth and Fourth Circuits, respectively).

The high quality of this first round of judges reflects how much the supply of conservative lawyers has expanded over the last two decades. But it also reflects a careful and determined effort by the counsel's office. Early on, it gave senators the word that they would not be playing a large role in the selection of appeals-court judges: Appointments were going to be made to change the judiciary, not to dispense favors.

■

Getting a conservative with a paper trail on the Supreme Court is going to be very hard. Hence the appeal of Gonzales.

■

The White House also avoided the "stealth candidate" strategy that had produced the Supreme Court nomination of David Souter in the administration of Bush's father. Souter was picked because he wasn't vulnerable to criticism: Nobody knew what his judicial philosophy was. He ended up becoming one of the most liberal members of the Court. This time, the judge-pickers are looking for evidence that the people they plan to nominate share their general views. Being a member of the Federalist Society, or having a conservative track record as a judge, helps. So does being a woman or a black or Hispanic person—although philosophy and talent are considered more important. Finally, the administration is looking for youth: It wants to nominate people in their 40s, who will be on the bench for a while.

But no matter how stellar Bush's nominees are, confirming them is going to be difficult. Bush's administration may be more conservative than Reagan's, but the Senate he's dealing with is less so. The southern Democrats who voted for Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas are long gone, and their counterparts today are more prone to vote with their party. Northeastern Republicans, meanwhile, will not necessarily vote for conservative nominees.

Most Republicans expect at least one big judicial-nomination fight this year. If Chief Justice William Rehnquist or Justice Sandra Day O'Connor steps down—and speculation about whether one or the other will is at a boil right now—the abortion-rights and civil-rights activists are bound to mobilize against any replacement. As the vote on Ashcroft's nomination showed, the activists will bring most of the Democrats with them. If there is no vacancy on the high court, they'll find an appeals-court nomination to go ballistic over. They need an emotional battle with the administration to keep their troops happy and their donations coming. In this charged environment, getting a conservative with a paper trail on the Supreme Court is going to be very hard.

Hence the appeal of nominating Gonzales, who doesn't have much of a paper trail. Clint Bolick, a libertarian legal activist, says that his public-interest law firm, the Institute for Justice, has "looked at his judicial record fairly carefully, as I'm sure other groups have done." He continues, "Unfortunately, the range of issues dealt with by the Texas supreme court is very narrow. Justice Gonzales seemed to have positions that were sympathetic to business interests and that seemed to be relatively conservative, but there's just not a big record there."

For social conservatives, the black marks against Gonzales are his votes last year on a series of

Alberto Gonzales by John T. Ward

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"Greater Israel"

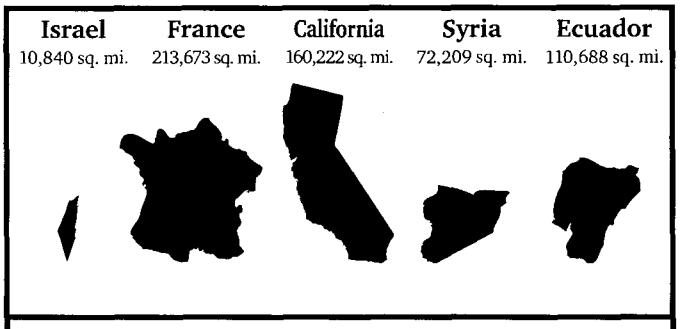
Does it have any relation to reality?

There are strident requests by the Arab countries, by the Palestinians, and indeed by much of the world that Israel should once and for all abandon its dream of a "Greater Israel." Israel's alleged expansionist ambitions have long been a staple of Arab anti-Israel propaganda. But what does it really mean? Does it have any relation to reality?

What are the facts?

Stripes on the Flag. Arab propaganda has it that the two stripes on the flag of Israel, above and below the star of David, represent the Nile and the Euphrates River, respectively, and signify Israel's expansionist desire, to form an "empire" that would supposedly reach from Cairo to Baghdad. But that has no basis in fact, of course. Nowhere in any documents of the Jewish state, in any statement by even the most "radical" spokesman can reference to anything like that be found.

Israel's Borders. "Palestine," part of the Ottoman Empire before World War I, came under British mandate after that war. The Golan Heights were part of Palestine. Israel's current borders are the result of the 1948 War of Independence, in which six Arab armies invaded the new-born state, but were utterly defeated, and the 1967 Six-Day War, in which those same armies once again invaded Israel. In that war, Israel conquered the Gaza Strip, the vast Sinai Peninsula, and the Golan Heights. And Israel also *repossessed* the provinces of Judea/Sumaria, (the "West Bank"), and the eastern part of Jerusalem, which had been occupied by the Jordanians nineteen years earlier, when they invaded the just new-born Jewish state. In order to achieve peace with Egypt, Israel returned to it all of the Sinai. Israel is and has always been prepared to grant full autonomy to the Arabs living in Judea/Sumaria. It is clear to all knowledgeable in military matters that, for immutable strategic reason, Israel cannot for any foreseeable future abandon or yield military control of Judea/Sumaria (the "West Bank") and of the Golan Heights.



Greater Israel? It's a myth. See for yourself!

The Myth of Greater Israel. Israel is one of the smallest countries in the world. Most people don't realize how small it really is. One wonders whether those who keep talking about "Greater Israel" and who wish to pressure Israel to divest itself of a big chunk of its territory are aware of it. A look at the map is revealing. Including the vaunted "West Bank," the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights, the entire area of the country is barely over 10,000 square miles. France is twenty times as large as Israel, California fifteen times as large, Syria about seven times as large, and "tiny" Ecuador ten times as large. Israel is so small that its area is less than half the size of San Bernardino County, California; if it were dropped into Lake Michigan it would disappear from sight without a trace. The Arab counties in contrast are huge—they occupy twice the area of the United States. Greater Israel, indeed!

It is clear that the concept of "Greater Israel," lacks any validity and has no basis in fact. To apply such a concept to a country as small as Israel would almost seem a mockery. Obviously, Israel has no territorial ambitions. All it wants is to live in peace within secure and defensible borders, just as any other country and as required under U.N. Resolution No. 242. But it seems that the *size* of Israel, whether "greater" or "lesser" is not at all the concern of Israel's implacable Arab enemies. The very *existence* of Israel, of a Jewish state in their midst of whatever size, is unacceptable to the Arabs. And unless that mindset changes, not until the Arab states have become democracies and have come to full acceptance of Israel, are willing to make *true* peace with it, and are prepared to establish normal and friendly relations with Israel can any possible territorial adjustment be considered. As it looks right now, that may still take some time.

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abortion cases. After years of debate, Texas had passed a law requiring parents to be notified if minors were procuring abortions. As in most such laws, there was a provision allowing a judge to override this requirement if, for example, it would subject the girl involved to abuse. In its first cases under the law, the Texas Supreme Court—with Gonzales in the majority—interpreted this judicial-bypass provision broadly. So broadly, according to one furious dissenting justice, that the law itself was gutted.

The dissenters made a strong case that the court's reading of the law was far-fetched. In Gonzales's defense, however, it should be noted that their predictions have not been borne out: Judicial bypasses have been rare. More important, the notification cases were so limited in their focus (and so messy) that they don't shed much light on Gonzales's views of abortion generally or of its constitutional status.

If he nominates Gonzales, Bush will be following his father's strategy on Supreme Court nominees. Like Clarence Thomas, Gonzales is a member of a minority group who climbed up from poverty. It is a melancholy fact that no principled conservative justice has been confirmed in 30 years without the benefit of affirmative action. (People often forget that Antonin Scalia was the first Italian-American nominee. Mario Cuomo endorsed him, and the Senate voted 98–0 to confirm him.)

Bush would also be following what might be called the Cheney precedent. Bush evidently concluded that a man he could trust to vet his potential running mates was trustworthy enough to *be* his running mate. Will he reach the same conclusion about the man he's put in charge of vetting his potential Supreme Court nominees? And then, of course, there is the precedent of Gonzales himself: He's been Bush's counsel, and then his judicial nominee, before.

Gonzales is by no means a sure thing as a nominee. Bush might decide to go with someone with more judicial experience. And Gonzales has told reporters that he's not interested in joining the Court. But a lot of people still think he's going to be Bush's first Court nominee. The administration may have a legal dream team working for it, but conservatives have reason to be nervous. **NR**

■ **WASHINGTON** ■

High Society

Conservative lawyers and their wonderful 'cabal'

KATE O'BEIRNE

BE forewarned: Democrats hope to turn "Federalist Society" into two of the dirtiest words in American politics. They will use this phrase to distort the records of judicial nominees, in a concerted effort to derail their nominations.

They've been getting some practice at the state level. In a bitter battle for control of Michigan's highest court last fall, Democrats targeted three incumbent Republican judges for defeat. Prominent in the Democratic campaign was the charge that the judges' affiliation with the Federalist Society for Law and Public Policy Studies, a powerful "cabal" of conservative lawyers, made them unfit for the bench. One of the combatants, columnist Trevor Coleman of the *Detroit Free Press*, warned last month that the Federalist Society's influence reaches well beyond Michigan: "After eight years of being the proverbial barbarians at the gate during the Clinton administration, the Federalist Society has finally broken through and taken control of the village."

According to a *Baltimore Sun* editorial, the federal bench is the most recent victim of the Federalist Society's influence. In reaction to the prospect that Peter Keisler, a prominent Washington lawyer and former clerk to Judge Robert Bork and Justice Anthony Kennedy, might be nominated to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, the *Sun* fingered him as a "stalwart" of that "increasingly influential organization of extremely conservative lawyers." Keisler, who has served on the Society's board of directors, would no doubt plead guilty to the editorial's charge that the organization hopes "to reshape . . . liberal, big government orthodoxy"; but the editorial also faults him on the grounds that his nomination would be "an affront to local Republican leaders" because he would enjoy "the biggest plum available" to the state GOP, even though he has not been engaged in party activities. A judicial nominee's membership in the Federalist Society so threatens the established order that a liberal newspaper is driven to defending Republican patronage on the federal bench.

The handful of law students who launched the Federalist Society 20 years ago didn't set out to drive liberal elites nuts; they wanted simply to provide a forum for conservative views on the constitutional order. Future Indiana congressman David McIntosh, future Northwestern law professor Steven Calabresi, and future Energy Department general counsel Lee Liberman Otis met as undergraduates at Yale, where they organized debates featuring conservative voices.

McIntosh and Otis went on to the University of Chicago Law School. In the spring of 1982, they joined with Calabresi, then at Yale Law School, and Spencer Abraham, a Harvard Law graduate who had started a conservative legal journal there, to sponsor the first Federalist Society conference at Yale. (Abraham, of course, is now energy secretary.) McIntosh explains: "We realized that there was a presumption in law school that the New Deal liberal view was the only view." Other law students clearly shared the frustration of this small group, and were interested in doing something about it. After the well-attended inaugural conference, about a dozen law students contacted them, seeking to establish chapters at their own schools. The founders then put together a twelve-page how-to pamphlet, and a year later hired the Society's first full-time employee, Eugene Meyer.

Meyer, a Yale conservative and son of late NATIONAL REVIEW editor Frank Meyer, is still executive director of the organization—which now has 25,000 members and a yearly budget of $3 million.

The Federalist Society describes itself as a group of conservatives and libertarians dedicated to the principles that "the state exists to preserve freedom, that the separation of governmental powers is central to our Constitution, and that it is emphatically the province and duty of

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the judiciary to say what the law is, not what it should be." It encourages a conservative intellectual network that hosts hundreds of events, which are open to the public and generally include debates on legal topics. These forums have included presentations by scores of liberals, including Justices Stephen Breyer and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, Michael Dukakis, Barney Frank, and Patricia Ireland.

Nadine Strossen, president of the ACLU, has spoken at Federalist Society forums "regularly and constantly" since its founding, and praises both its fundamental principle of individual liberty and its high profile on law-school campuses. Strossen recently visited the University of Minnesota to address a Federalist Society chapter, which conflicted with an invitation from New York University's chapter for the same day. She sees the law-school chapters as the "best organized, most heard, and most influential groups at law schools." She also praises the group's intellectual diversity, noting that there is frequently strenuous disagreement among members about the role of the courts. She explains that she typically can't draw any firm conclusion about a potential judicial nominee's views based on the fact that he is a Federalist Society member, but she suspects that "the Federalist Society, plus Ashcroft, plus Bush, won't put the libertarian wing in ascendance."

Many critics of the Federalist Society are far less nuanced. *The Washington Monthly* last year ran an article entitled "The Conservative Cabal That's Transforming American Law," which cited a 1999 decision by a panel of the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals as "the network's most far-reaching victory in recent years." The court had rolled back some of the EPA's clean-air standards on the grounds that it is constitutionally impermissible for Congress to delegate legislative authority to the executive branch. Former Bush White House counsel (and member of the Federalist Society's Board of Visitors) C. Boyden Gray filed an amicus brief making the winning argument.

The Washington Monthly declared that the court's decision "served private industry at the expense of the public interest." Surely this is a clear instance of a conservative conspiracy to subvert the law? Not quite. The case was overturned

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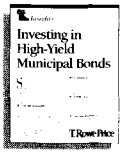

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on appeal, in a decision written by Justice Antonin Scalia, a frequent lecturer at Federalist Society events who helped get the organization off the ground when he was a professor at Chicago. *The Washington Monthly* piece also attacked Boyden Gray as a proxy for the Federalist Society, for advancing Microsoft's effort to weaken antitrust enforcement. Of course, Gray serves on the Society's Board of Visitors with Robert Bork, who has been Microsoft's chief intellectual adversary.

Another recent critique of the Federalist Society didn't bother with any specific charge, blaming it instead for "successfully shaping the direction of the challenge to a democratic jurisprudence." In a January 2001 briefing paper, a liberal outfit called the Institute for Democracy Studies detailed the Society's organizational structure and funding sources, and listed the job histories and affiliations of its leading figures—using the guilt-by-association model of a dusty, paranoid Soviet tract. Essentially, the paper suggests there is cause for alarm because Federalist Society members have worked in the Reagan and Bush administrations, have clerked for some of the same federal judges, and generally are familiar with one another.

Those, however, who are most familiar with how the Federalist Society operates give it high marks for encouraging intellectual debate. John Sexton, dean of New York University law school, praises the Society "for its extraordinary commitment to the contest of ideas," and Robert W. Bennett, former dean of Northwestern's law school, admires its "academic integrity."

Federalist Society lecturer Antonin Scalia by Roman Genn

Throughout the Clinton years, the Left was keeping a wary eye on Federalist Society members active in public policy. "In some ways, they are the Justice Department in exile," Elliot Mincberg, legal director of People for the American Way, explained in 1997. Now, in the early days of the Bush administration, it is clear that the exile is over. The *New York Times* has reported about the "cadre of young lawyers who have a strong ideological commitment to conservative jurisprudence" who have moved into the White House counsel's office. (See Ramesh Ponnuru's "Speedy Gonzales," page 19.)

During a recent confirmation hearing, two top Justice Department nominees were questioned about their affiliations with the Federalist Society. Sen. Patrick Leahy raised the issue with Larry Thompson, who is slated to be deputy attorney general; Sen. Edward Kennedy questioned solicitor general-designate Ted Olson about his past criticism of the ABA as a "self-serving interest group" that shouldn't be involved in vetting federal judges. Olson, a Federalist Society veteran, contrasted the ABA with the Society, which, he pointed out, "does not lobby . . . it does not pass resolutions, it does not file litigation, it does not file amicus briefs . . . One of the things the Federalist Society does is try to bring people together [who] have strong views and put them out for public evaluation."

Democratic senators will no doubt reserve most of their fire for Federalist Society members who are nominated to lifetime judicial posts. In a speech on the Senate floor last fall, Illinois senator Richard Durbin labeled the Society "far right," with members who "want to turn back the hands of the clock." This assessment followed his discourse on the *Dred Scott* decision, and thus resembled the scare campaign Michigan voters were treated to about the sinister Federalist Society, and the three judges in its pocket. The judges were all comfortably reelected to the state supreme court—but will U.S. senators be as rational as Michigan voters? **NR**

■ **WASHINGTON II** ■

The Yuckster

Bob Dole, after politics

JOHN J. MILLER

WHEN the people behind *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* consider whether to put any of Bob Dole's utterances in their next edition—he has none in the current one—they'll have plenty of choices. There's the bitter line from the 1988 GOP primaries, spoken to then-Vice President George Bush: "Stop lying about my record." There's one of the great blunders of recent political history, from the 1976 debate with Walter Mondale: "I figured it up the other day: If we added up the killed and wounded in Democrat wars in this century, it would be about 1.6 million Americans—enough to fill the city of Detroit." A later, self-deprecating quip on this unfortunate statement may itself deserve status as a minor classic: "They told me to go for the jugular, so I did: mine."

Now there's a very late entry: "Easy, boy."

On March 25, during ABC's broadcast of the Oscars, Pepsi unveiled an ad in which belly-baring 19-year-old pop star Britney Spears vamps about shaking her hips, flaunting her cleavage, and singing her tune. Flash to Bob Dole, sitting in an armchair and watching the same commercial. He appears transfixed at the sight of Spears and her come-hither looks. His dog barks. Dole doesn't budge, except to nod and speak two words: "Easy, boy."

It's the sort of double entendre more suited to a cheap sitcom than to a former presidential candidate, and it's hard to imagine, say, Michael Dukakis pulling it off. Dole can, simply because he's universally known not just as a former politician, but as a septuagenarian pitchman for an erection drug.

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Dole ran for the White House. Back in 1995, he traveled to Hollywood and delivered a bold speech attacking the entertainment industry for its "mindless violence and loveless sex." It was a fight Dole didn't especially need to pick, and it voiced the belief of millions of Americans that contemporary movies and music pander far too much to people's worst urges. Dole's rhetoric soared, in what remains one of the finest speeches of his career: "The mainstreaming of deviancy must come to an end, but it will only stop when the leaders of the entertainment industry recognize and shoulder their responsibility." "The mainstreaming of deviancy"—that's a nice phrase, and a useful one. So it's too bad that Bob Dole, by portraying a dirty old man in a Pepsi commercial, now embodies a trend he once condemned with such eloquence.

Conservatives never were entirely comfortable with Dole as the Republican nominee—Newt Gingrich once described him as "the tax collector for the welfare state"—but the stoic Kansan nevertheless earned respect on the right for his rugged Midwestern dignity. He was a plainspoken war hero, a gruff member of the Greatest Generation who seemed attractively out of place in the age of Slick Willie. During one of the debates in 1996, Dole even criticized Clinton's manners: "I'm addressing [Clinton] all evening as 'Mr. President,'" he said. "He didn't extend that courtesy to President Bush." Here was a man who probably would have refused to answer the most memorably indecent question of the 1992 presidential campaign: boxers or briefs? Conservatives also admired his loyalty: Dole was capable of resilient partisanship when necessary, and remained faithful to the first President Bush even after they fought through that rough primary in 1988.

Despite this appeal, Dole was not a good presidential candidate. It would have taken a truly exceptional campaign to beat Bill Clinton in 1996, but Dole's effort was worse than lackluster. The one thing most people remember is not that he proposed a tax cut or that he promised to restore character to the Oval Office, but that time he tumbled off the stage in Chico, Calif.

It's hard to believe, then, that Dole has been even worse as an *ex*-presidential candidate—but it's true. Dole started out playing the good loser, and his shtick worked. He went on David Letterman's show within days of his defeat. "Bob, what have you been doing lately?" asked Letterman. "Apparently not enough," Dole deadpanned. He also showed up on *Saturday Night Live* for a skit with Norm MacDonald, the man who had been impersonating him. They commiserated about their dim futures. Dole said that at least he had a job answering phones at the Red Cross. "My wife pulled some strings," he explained, referring to the fact that Elizabeth Dole was president of the organization. Then he satirized his own penchant for talking about himself in the third person by demonstrating his telephone skills: "Hello, Red Cross. How might Bob Dole direct your call?"

■

Nowadays, Dole's not an elder statesman so much as an aging comic.

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These appearances were funny. They also communicated the fundamentally conservative message that politics isn't everything. As Dole wrote in his recent book, *Great Political Wit* (an amusing collection of one-liners and anecdotes), "I wanted to show that there is indeed life after politics. And that losing an election does not mean losing your sense of humor."

But some of his behavior following the election was a bit unsettling. Dole immediately reneged on what seemed a simple promise, made during his surprise speech announcing he would retire from the Senate: "I will seek the presidency with nothing to fall back on but the judgment of the people, and nowhere to go but the White House or home." By "home," most listeners assumed he meant Kansas, which he had represented in Congress for decades. But it turned out that home really meant the Watergate complex, where he owned a one-bedroom apartment; Kansas was no more Bob Dole's home than Tennessee was Al Gore's.

Next came a slew of commercials. Other losing candidates—Dan Quayle, Geraldine Ferraro, Mario Cuomo—had made commercials, but for Dole it amounted to a new career. First was an ad for Air France, featuring Dole's picture under the caption, "Not doing anything?" Then there was one for Visa, which set Dole in what seemed to be a "homecoming" parade in Russell, Kan. (It was actually shot in a couple of Texas towns.) Dole winds up in a local store, tries to make a purchase, and is asked for ID. "I just can't win!" he cracks. Dole also appeared in ads for Dunkin' Donuts and Target. He gave much of his personal proceeds to charity, yet there was still something unseemly about it all. Losing with a smile is one thing; repeatedly poking fun at your loss—in a campaign to which thousands of people anonymously devoted themselves because they seriously believed in a man and his ideas—is another. Nowadays Dole is more likely to be seen on Comedy Central's *Daily Show* than on *Meet the Press*. He's not an elder statesman so much as an aging comic.

He is best known, of course, as a poster boy for Viagra. Impotence is surely a difficult condition, and one of the primary hurdles facing men who might benefit from the drug is the awkwardness of asking for a prescription. The whole object of Viagra's ongoing ad campaign is to destigmatize the product. As Dole himself said in his commercial, "You know, it's a little embarrassing to talk about E.D. [erectile dysfunction], but it's so important to millions of men and their partners that I decided to talk about it publicly." It's a little embarrassing to *listen* to Bob Dole talk about it publicly. Frankly, I'd rather know whether he wears boxers or briefs. And what's this business about men and their "partners"? Would it be too judgmental and exclusionary simply to say "wives"? Some things apparently could benefit from restigmatizing.

Bob Dole once knew the value of a good stigma. "Those who cultivate moral confusion for profit should understand this," he warned in his Hollywood speech, before turning positively Churchillian. "We will name their names and shame them as they deserve to be shamed. We will contest them for the heart and soul of every child, in every neighborhood. If we refuse to condemn evil, it is not tolerance but surrender. And we will never surrender."

At least not until we can appear in a Pepsi commercial with Britney Spears. **NR**

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■ MEXICO ■

Zapped Out

Adiós to the Zapatistas. (Don't come back)

ANTHONY DANIELS

If you can't manage a coup d'état, try a *coup de théâtre* instead. That, at least, is the tactic employed by Subcomandante Marcos, the leader of the Zapatistas, in Mexico. In an age when many people, dazzled by electronic and other imagery, have difficulty in distinguishing the medium from the message and the form from the substance, such a tactic has a pretty fair chance of success. It also has the inestimable advantage of being much less dangerous.

The Zapatistas have now decided to lay down their arms and participate in normal politics. Their rebellion ended with a cross between a bang and a whimper: a triumphant 2,000-mile march on Mexico City, which ended in the huge rally in the Zocalo, the central square of the most populous city in the world. This gave the impression—as, of course, it was intended to do—of unanimous admiration and approval of the movement and its leader. In the face of so popular a protest, who (except a supporter of the immemorial oppression of the Indians) could be churlish enough to doubt the noble aims of the Subcomandante, who so attractively combines in his person the qualities of Che Guevara and Christopher Hitchens?

There is no doubt that he has played brilliantly upon the weaknesses and susceptibilities both of his own country and of the liberal intelligentsia of Europe and America. Whether he originally intended to or not, the Subcomandante has given us an object lesson in the way the modern world works.

The origins of the EZLN—the Zapatistas' self-designated army—are now almost entirely forgotten, clouded by the adulation that is uncritically accorded to the Subcomandante. The EZLN started life as an orthodox, grimly serious Latin American guerrilla movement of the Salvadoran FMLN, Nicaraguan FSLN, or Guatemalan URNG variety. The Subcomandante, who has been convincingly identified as one Rafael Sebastian Guillen by a disaffected underling, was a teacher of graphic arts at the Autonomous University of Mexico. As the son of the owner of a chain of furniture stores, he did not himself emerge (surprise, surprise) from *los de abajo*, the poorest of the poor. A typical product of the long march through the institutions, he had read his Althusser and his Foucault, and was a great admirer of Guevara into the bargain. He disappeared into the Lacandon jungle in Chiapas in the 1980s, where survivors of the defeated 1970s guerrilla movement, the (pre-EZLN) FLN, were fomenting revolution among peasants already radicalized by Catholic catechists trained in *marxisant* liberation theology by the slippery, evasive, unscrupulous, and ambitious left-wing bishop of Chiapas, Samuel Ruiz, whose main aim in life seems to be winning the Nobel Peace Prize for bringing an end to a rebellion that he did so much to provoke.

It took the Subcomandante some ten years to gain control of the EZLN and bring it to the point at which he considered it ready to challenge the Mexican state. But by January 1, 1994 (the date on which the EZLN briefly occupied the capital of Chiapas, San Cristobal de las Casas, and other municipalities in the state), there was little hope of support for the EZLN from any external power. The Soviet Union had collapsed and therefore Cuba was no longer in a position to provide aid, even had it wished to do so. Central America's "inevitable revolutions" (to quote the title of a book about them by one well-known North American academic) had by then been defeated and had fizzled out. It seemed as if it was the end of history: the end, that is, if

Mr. Daniels is an English doctor and writer and author of *Sweet Waist of America: Journeys Around Guatemala* and *Utopias Elsewhere: Journeys in a Vanishing World.*

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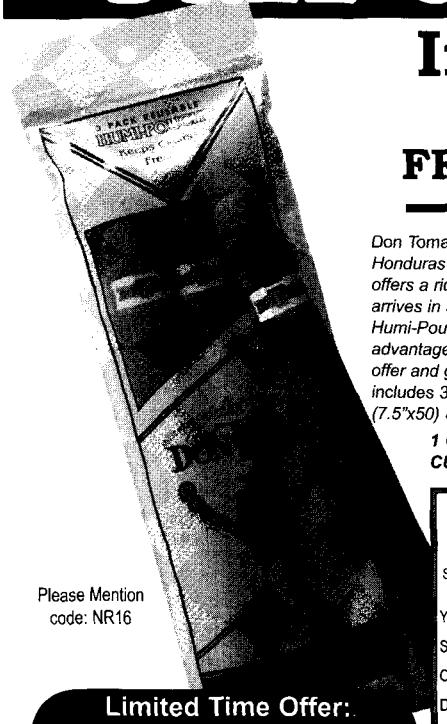

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history is regarded as nothing but the struggle of revolution with counterrevolution.

Marcos (his nom de guerre chosen in honor, incidentally, of a fallen leader of the erstwhile Marxist-Leninist FLN) nevertheless spotted an opportunity. He realized that the Mexican state would have at least one hand tied behind its back in responding to his uprising, because it needed desperately to present itself to the world as a modern liberal democracy like any other. A real guerrilla war, which it would be certain to win if it applied a certain amount of judicious brutality, would nevertheless do untold damage to its reputation. Moreover, for all its pretensions, the Mexican state has always lacked full legitimacy among its own people, particularly among its intellectuals, upon whose loyalty it could not count in a conflict with rebels. Itself claiming apostolic succession from a revolution, the Mexican government had for many years befriended Castro and Central American guerrilla movements in order to mask its own hostility to radical change. Such ambivalence and uncertainty was not a sound position from which to indulge in repression in the broad daylight of media attention.

Then, coming as he did from a highly sophisticated urban environment, Marcos understood only too well what the reaction would be of liberal intellectuals in Europe and America to the uprising he led. These intellectuals, he knew, would provide effective protection for him from the potential wrath of the Mexican state. And, as he also knew, the intellectuals had not willingly surrendered their utopian illusions about a perfectly harmonious life to be brought about by revolution in countries inhabited by poor peasants. The fantasies were dormant, not extinct.

Marcos knew that he had only to claim that the rising was led by Indians, of whom he was but the humble white servant, for all criticism to be disarmed in advance. Fools, such as the Portuguese novelist José Saramago, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, and Danielle Mitterand, widow of the former Pétainist and firm upholder of *Algérie française* François, could always be found to believe it. Criticism was disarmed by Marcos's preposterous claim because, in the eyes of Western liberal intellectuals, Indians were by definition everything that Western man was not: innocent and selfless, in tune with Mother Nature, uninterested in money and consumer goods, and the bearers of ancient if somewhat arcane wisdom. Needless to say, the liberal intellectuals were more interested in the Indians of their fantasy than in, say, the 30,000 real Indians who fled the Zapatista area the moment hostilities started, or in the greatly reduced standard of living that those who did not flee soon suffered. Nor did it worry them that, in 1994, Marcos flung young Indians armed with wooden guns against troops armed with sophisticated weapons.

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Marcos understood perfectly well the deep lack of seriousness of the Western liberal intelligentsia.

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Marcos understood perfectly well the deep lack of seriousness of the Western liberal intelligentsia, above all in the "postmodern" era. No statement he made would be compared with any earlier statement, because to do so would be to evince a vulgar belief in objective truth. Thus, in a recent interview with another Nobel Prize winner, Gabriel Garcia Marquez (who, oddly enough, has expressed an enthusiasm for guerrillas everywhere but Colombia, his own country), Marcos declared that "if the EZLN were to reach power as a revolutionary army, it would be a failure for us." Why, then, was the order issued in 1994 for the EZLN to defeat the Mexican army and enter Mexico City by force? But that was then and this is now: and only the thirst for international public attention has remained, like the grin of the Cheshire cat.

Of course, the reason that military victory would now be considered a defeat is that there is no more prospect of it than of Liechtenstein's invading China. The complete dependence of Marcos and the EZLN on the protection of Western intellectuals is demonstrated by his appeal in his interview with Garcia Marquez to the idea that minorities, such as lesbians and transsexuals, are in the revolutionary vanguard. Even a Saramago might wonder whether the inhabitants of Laguna Santa Elena, Pichucalco, and Guadalupe Trinitaria have ever been much preoccupied by the question of the equal treatment of transsexuals; but it is unlikely that anyone will question Marcos more deeply on the matter.

One giveaway is the frequent description by admirers of Marcos's literary style as "ludic." *Ludic* is the academic code word for frivolous. No higher praise is possible from those who believe that the universe is intertextual and nothing else. And Marcos's alleged wit consists of saying things like, "Having a photo taken with [Mexican president] Vicente Fox is not among our wet dreams." Garcia Marquez—a great writer, for all his faults—listened to this as a disciple listens to a celebrated swami.

So what was the march to Mexico City about, other than Marcos's ego? (His verbosity makes Fidel seem a model of concision.) Since the military downfall of the Mexican state is not imminent, other causes must be found to sustain the struggle: for without struggle, Marcos is nothing. One of the causes is good old multiculturalism. That is to say, Indians—according to Marcos—demand to be treated the same as all other Mexicans and differently as well.

Their cultural customs, according to him, should be recognized as having the force of law: except, of course, those that might reduce support for the EZLN among European and American liberal intellectuals, such as that of not asking, let alone listening to, the opinion of women, or, worse still, of beating them when they do express an opinion. Furthermore, "indigenous people" must have access to their traditional pre-Columbian means of communication, such as fax, e-mail, and satellite links.

But if there is one thing that Marcos's career demonstrates, it is that, in the modern world, the coherence or good sense of a man's ideas has very little to do with his political effectiveness. Marcos's bandoliers make him brave; his pipe makes him wise; his radiocommunications equipment festooned about his uniform makes him modern and technically accomplished; his balaclava makes him mysterious and romantic; and his jokes make him affable. One day he might be president. **NR**

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■ CULTURE WATCH ■

Well Done

Meat and its challengers

JONAH GOLDBERG

FROM Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, a roughage curtain has descended across Europe. In Italy, the number of vegetarians has grown from 1.5 million to 2.5 million in just the past year. Demand for beef has been in free fall across the Continent—down 75 percent in Italy, down almost 50 percent in France. British newspapers report that it is hard to find steak on a menu in major capitals from Scandinavia to the Iberian peninsula. The reason for the spreading carnophobia is obvious and understandable: Mad-cow disease, foot-and-mouth disease, and pictures of thousands of slaughtered sheep and cows have dampened appetites.

And the animal-rights movement is taking advantage of the situation. In Germany, where the number of self-professed vegetarians has doubled to 6.6 million since the outbreak of mad-cow disease, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) is moving free "vegetarian starter kits" like soy hotcakes. As usual, PETA's PR campaign takes no prisoners: They have signed up various German celebrities, launched an ad blitz, and pushed the idea that the current troubles are retribution for man's sinful meat-savoring past.

For decades, the French have done wonderful things with veal, rabbit, venison, and other cute-animal products. But even they may now be turning their backs on this heritage. European newspapers and American newsmagazines have made a huge fuss over the fact that acclaimed Parisian chef Alain Passard has decided to drop all meat from the menu at his trendy restaurant, L'Arpège. Passard believes that "evolution" requires that humans move on to "explore a new domain called 'The Vegetable.'" He believes that adventurers in this new realm—who once paid $300 for a meal of duck or sweetbreads—won't hesitate to spend similarly on "the simple onion, the simple carrot, even a turnip." He considers the development of a meat-free cuisine a matter of *sécurité alimentaire*, or "nutritional security."

Vegetarianism is much less popular in the United States, in part because our meat supply is safe, but its acceptance on the cultural left has been growing for years. Combine that with the inevitable media-driven hype of the next U.S. meat-industry scandal—whatever it may be—and with the fact that the U.S. is historically the chief importer of Europe's bad ideas, and it's clear that we will very soon have to take vegetarianism seriously.

The media and PETA have done an impressive job "educating" the public about why we shouldn't eat animals. It's hardly a coherent and consistent argument, but it's no less effective for that. Some say we shouldn't eat animals because they have rights, just like you and me. PETA founder Ingrid

Mr. Goldberg is editor of National Review Online (www.nationalreview.com).

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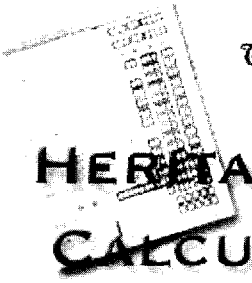

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Newkirk explains: "When it comes to feelings, a rat is a pig is a dog is a boy. There is no rational basis for saying that a human being has special rights."

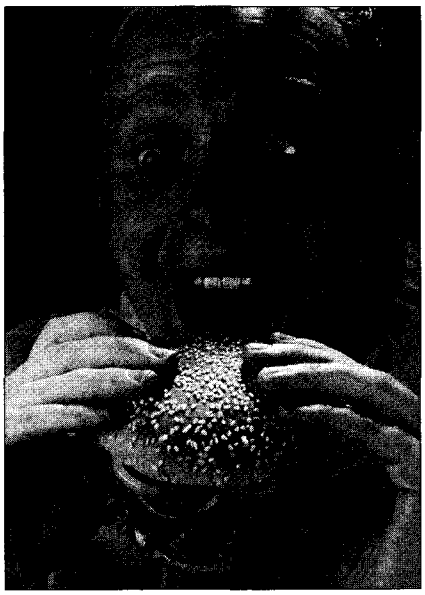
Of course, this is a stolen base of grand proportions. After all, since when do feelings confer rights? And besides, when it comes to feelings, rats and human beings aren't the same. When was the last time a rat sympathized with the fact that you flunked algebra? Sure, dogs have been known to take a bullet for their owners (one of the reasons you shouldn't eat them), but my dog has yet to feel the slightest outrage over the capital-gains tax.

There's no shortage of cults in the vegetarian movement, including my favorite, the "fruitarians," who will eat only nonrefrigerated, uncooked, barely washed, room-temperature fruits. Their website explains, "If you eat cooked foods and in particular flesh of animals, then your body is automatically poisoned and you condemned to develop in yourself a lot of low quality of thoughts, feelings and emotions" (*sic*). The fruitarians believe, somewhat paradoxically, that fruit is great for you because it is "alive," that—like some vegan vampire—you absorb the life force of the fruit. At the same time, they eat only fruit because they believe that killing a plant simply for food is wrong. It's a bit like being pro-choice and believing that abortion is murder.

After the PETA people and the health nuts, the next most belligerent group in the movement is, unsurprisingly, the eco-vegetarians, who point out, legitimately, that Third World forests are cleared to make way for cattle ranges. But this argument is the easiest to contend with. First of all, these are the same people who are determined to do away with plastics, the internal-combustion engine, and reliably flushable toilets. They simply don't like development of any kind, in this case the ability of very poor people to finally achieve their dream of eating meat regularly.

The truth is, there is no single rationale to which all vegetarian zealots adhere—because the movement resembles more a diffuse religion than a coherent political argument. Whether they deify their bodies, the earth, or animals, the "give peas a chance" partisans operate on first principles that are fairly immune to rational debate. When animal-rights guru Peter Singer says that "mere difference of species is surely not a morally significant difference," one can either spend hours debating the sleight-of-hand in the words "mere" and "surely," or one can simply say, "I can't argue with you."

At the same time, few people are making the positive case for eating meat. No intelligent discussion of vegetarianism can ignore this simple fact: Cows taste good. As one friend puts it, if God didn't want us to eat cows He wouldn't have made them out of steak. This is not a trivial point. Cows, like



David Burch

'Grub first: then ethics'

other livestock, are in many ways man-made creatures designed over thousands of years of husbandry to provide a ready supply of meat. If vegetarians had their way and everyone "converted" (their word) to a meatless lifestyle tomorrow, it wouldn't be like Muppets walking home after a long day at the office; there is no "natural" ecosystem for the millions of unemployed cows and chickens to return to.

More to the point, humans have a taste for meat for a reason: We were *meant* to eat it. Our teeth, for example, are the Swiss Army knives of the animal kingdom, divided in equal parts for eating T-bones and the vegetable accompaniment of your choice. Meat provides necessary proteins; vegans need to take supplements to get them. A British fruitarian couple goes on trial this summer because their baby died from the malnutrition that comes from eating the diet of a spider monkey.

Chef Passard, the self-appointed French minister of nutritional security, claims that not since the 1650s has a reputable (read "French") chef attempted to create a complete cuisine entirely out of vegetables. While this smacks of the sort of unprovable declaration we'd expect from a French chef—"Only cowards use store-bought crème fraîche!"—it's entirely plausible for one simple reason: Nobody wanted a chef to create a complete cuisine out of things that we usually use to soak up the gravy. While techniques have surely improved over the last few decades, throughout history saying "vegetarian cuisine" was like saying "Shaker orgy" or "sober Oktoberfest." Indeed, almost all of the famous 20th-century vegetarians—Gandhi, Hitler, George Bernard Shaw—were unconcerned with the tastiness of their diets. "Eating is not a pleasure to me," Shaw said, "only a troublesome necessity, like dressing or undressing."

This gets to the heart of why the vegetarians will have a rough time converting much of America to their cause: There's always been too much pride in the self-denial of vegetarianism. Food is among the most important, wonderfully satisfying things in our lives. It is more constant than sex and—unless you're Bill Clinton—you can share it with more people. Vegetarian ideologues get too much satisfaction from denying themselves this enjoyment; it is New Age culinary celibacy.

There is a legitimate case to be made that, in a statistical sense, we eat too much meat; this is not surprising in a wealthy and hedonistic country. Meat was a luxury for much of man's evolutionary history, and eating it every day, or every couple of hours—as I do—is probably not the best thing in the world for you. But surely, in a culture where "whatever floats your boat" is found in the penumbra of the Constitution and the legalization of PCP and heroin has gained traction, eating bacon shouldn't be considered outlaw activity. Besides, Bertolt Brecht had it right in the first place: "Grub first: then ethics." **NR**

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Communist, Nationalist, and Dangerous

The problem of China

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

THE recent crisis in Hainan Island brought Chinese nationalism to the front of our minds. Specialist China-watchers have understood for some time that the events of 1989—not only the student and worker movements that were crushed in Tiananmen Square on June 4 of that year, but also the collapse of Soviet and East European communism—presented China's leaders with a crisis of legitimacy. Those leaders responded by pushing traditional Marxism-Leninism into the background and fortifying China's state ideology with angry, uncompromising assertions of national pride. Ordinary Americans probably woke up to this first in May 1999, following the bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade. Demonstrations broke out in Beijing, and TV viewers in this country saw young Chinese hurling rocks at the U.S. Embassy. Though no such thing could happen in China without the approval of the authorities, it was nonetheless plain that much of the emotion on display was genuine.

In fact, an earlier, quite spontaneous outburst of aggrieved nationalism was stifled by the Chinese authorities. This was in September 1993, when Beijing's bid to host the 2000 Summer Olympics was turned down in favor of Sydney. Feelings were especially inflamed on that occasion because, owing to the way the announcement was made, and a poor translation to China's TV audience, viewers' first impression was that Beijing had won the bidding. When the truth dawned, some minutes later, disappointment was intense, and riots in Beijing were averted only by a massive police clampdown. There were, even so, bitter expressions of anger that the world was not treating China with the respect to which she was entitled. It is now widely believed in China that the U.S. deliberately thwarted Beijing's bid for the 2000 Games by manipulations behind the scenes.

Chinese nationalism was not born in 1989, of course. One of Deng Xiaoping's first initiatives, after consolidating his power at the Twelfth Party Congress of 1982, was to launch a movement entitled "Five Emphases, Four Beautifications, Three Loves." The "Three Loves" were for the country, the party, and socialism, in that order. Mao's revolution was, in fact, as much nationalist as communist. This was one reason Stalin—who was quite a learned man in the narrow sphere of Marxist-Leninist theory—looked down on Mao. Orthodox communist dogma was internationalist, and foresaw a worldwide socialist utopia in which national boundaries would be obsolete. Once they saw the advantages of socialism, people everywhere would clamor to join that commonwealth. Until then, national boundaries should, in theory, be respected. The Constitution of the USSR guaranteed the right of secession to every Union republic. This right existed only on paper while the dictatorship lasted, but when Soviet power collapsed, all the republics chose to exercise the right of secession, and they are now independent.

Mao's China was never like that. The non-Chinese nationalities trapped in the People's Republic have their own "autonomous regions," but the "autonomy" is perfectly fictitious, and they have no right to secede under China's Constitution. To the contrary, Article 4 prohibits acts that "instigate the secession" of any minority, and there is perhaps no article more ruthlessly enforced. "Splittism" (*fenlie zhuyi*) is one of the most serious thought-crimes in the People's Republic, and the accusation that the West seeks to break up China is a staple of the xenophobic polemics now widely published and read in China, with the obvious indulgence of the government. All of China—62 degrees of longitude—is on Beijing time, to the great inconvenience of the western territories. Notwithstanding much mendacious window-dressing about "preserving minority cultures," China's actual policy towards her subject peoples is one of determined Sinification. Every Mongolian, every Tibetan, every Uighur knows that to enjoy anything better than a subsistence living, he must speak, dress, eat, and think Chinese.

"Nationalism" does not really capture the whole of the phenomenon under consideration here. There is a large component of racial pride. I used to belong to a scholarly e-mail group for Chinese scientists and researchers in the U.S. When I ventured some mild remarks about the status of Tibet and Turkestan, I was met with a volley of frankly racial abuse. One respondent addressed me as "England big nose," and another offered sarcastically to kiss my "hairy hand." These are not illiterate rednecks, mind you, but the cream of the Chinese intelligentsia, bearers of advanced degrees from prestigious universities. Another staple of the xenophobic literature now popular in China is the claim that U.S. scientists are working on racially selective biological weapons; and the very respectable

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British Sinologist Jasper Becker, in his 2000 book *The Chinese*, claims that the government sponsors research to prove that the Chinese belong to a separate species. One wonders what direction China's own biological-weapons research is taking.

This psychopathological aspect of Chinese nationalism was on display in the Hainan affair. Chinese e-mail forums buzzed with demands for the captured U.S. servicemen to be beaten, or sentenced to life imprisonment. Years of relentless propaganda about historical grievances, real and imagined, and the need to restore ancient glories, have created a febrile atmosphere of hyperpatriotic agitation to which it is hard to think of any Western parallel other than the banal and obvious ones of early-20th-century fascism.

Yet while race-conscious and intensely introverted, Chinese nationalism does not—like, for example, Irish nationalism—see its scope as limited by strict geographical bounds. The ambitions of Chinese nationalists are not restricted to Chinese territory, they are hegemonic. Indeed, they are imperial. In the early 1950s, when the world's attention was distracted by events elsewhere, Mao set about reassembling the old Manchu empire by asserting control over Eastern Turkestan, Inner Mongolia, and Tibet. The base populations of these regions are not Chinese, and their cultures have nothing in common with Chinese culture—not even an alphabet. They were, however, claimed as subjects by the Manchu rulers of China, and Mao looked on them as a part of his proper sphere of influence.

The Manchus had taken a minimalist approach to these possessions, demanding from them token allegiance but very little else. Under Manchu rule, the Tibetans went on speaking Tibetan, practicing their religion, and running a theocratic administration in which government bureaucrats bore titles like "Grand Metaphysician." The Uighurs and Mongolians tended their flocks, conducted their vendettas, and said their own prayers unmolested, except when the occasional uprising needed to be suppressed. There was no real Sinification of these regions. The Manchus, a Siberian tribe with a language and script of their own, were too busy Sinifying *themselves*. (Unsuccessfully, to judge from the attitudes of modern Chinese. Watching the recent movie *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, my wife, who is Chinese, shook her head in dismay at Chow Yun-fat's hairstyle—the front half of the head shaved, the back bearing a long pigtail. "Ridiculous! I hope Americans don't think that's a Chinese style. That was forced on us by the Qing [i.e., Manchu] bastards.")

This hands-off approach would not do for modern dictators, for whom control must be total, and the superiority of Chinese culture impressed on all subject peoples. Both Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist party and Mao's Communists claimed all the Manchu dominions as part of China. Chiang never had the strength to enforce his claims, but Mao did. Sinification and colonization of the old Imperial suzerainties have been unrelenting, and accompanied by numberless horrors. In some regions, the native population was annihilated in the wars of resistance that went on through the 1950s and 1960s—wars like the one described with such desperate passion in Michel Peissel's book *Cavaliers of Kham*. Tibet, which had the strongest sense of nationhood, has been the main sufferer, but the other occupied regions endured similar atrocities. In the early 1960s, a quarter of a million people fled out of Eastern Turkestan to the comparative sanity and tranquility of the old USSR—the only known case of mass flight *into* that state.

OBSTACLES TO EMPIRE

The grand project of restoring and Sinifying the Manchu dominions has unfortunately met three stumbling blocks. The first was Outer Mongolia, from which the Chinese garrison was expelled following the collapse of Manchu rule. The country declared independence in 1921 under Soviet auspices, and that independence was recognized by Chiang Kai-shek's government in 1945, in return for Soviet recognition of themselves as "the Central Government of China." Mao seems not to have been very happy about this. In 1954, he asked the Soviets to "return" Outer Mongolia. I do not know the position of China's current government towards Outer Mongolia, but I should not be surprised to learn that somewhere in the filing cabinets of China's defense ministry is a detailed plan for restoring Outer Mongolia to the warm embrace of the Motherland, as soon as a suitable opportunity presents itself.

The second is Taiwan. No Chinese Imperial dynasty paid the least attention to Taiwan, or bothered to claim it. The Manchus did, though, in 1683, and ruled it in a desultory way, as a prefecture of Fujian Province, until 1887, when it was upgraded to a province in its own right. Eight years later it was ceded to Japan, whose property it remained until 1945. After Japan's fall, the people of Taiwan hoped for independence, but Chiang Kai-shek's army claimed the island and put down resistance with great savagery. The place has not been ruled from China since Chiang lost the mainland in 1949. In its entire history, it has been ruled by Chinese people seated in China's capital for less than four years. China's current attitudes to Taiwan are, I think, pretty well known.

And the third stumbling block to the restoration of China's greatness is . . . the United States. To the modern Chinese way of thinking, China's proper sphere of influence encompasses all of East Asia and the western Pacific. This does not mean that they necessarily want to invade and subjugate all the nations of that region, though they certainly *do* want to do just that to Taiwan and some groups of smaller islands. For Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Micronesia, etc., the old imperial-suzerainty model would do well enough, at least in the short term. These places could conduct their own internal affairs, so long as they acknowledged the overlordship of Beijing, and, above all, did not enter into alliances, nor even close friendships, with other powers.

Which, of course, too many of them have done, the competitor power in every case being the U.S. It is impossible to overstate how angry it makes the Chinese to think about all those American troops in Japan, Korea, and Guam, together with the U.S. Seventh Fleet steaming up and down in "Chinese" waters, and electronic reconnaissance planes like the EP-3 brought down on April 1 operating within listening distance of the mainland. If you tackle Chinese people on this, they usually say: "How would *you* feel if there were Chinese troops in Mexico and Jamaica, and Chinese planes flying up and down your coasts?" Leaving aside the fact that front companies for the Beijing regime now control both ends of the Panama Canal, as well as Freeport in the Bahamas, the answer is that the United States is a democracy of free people, whose

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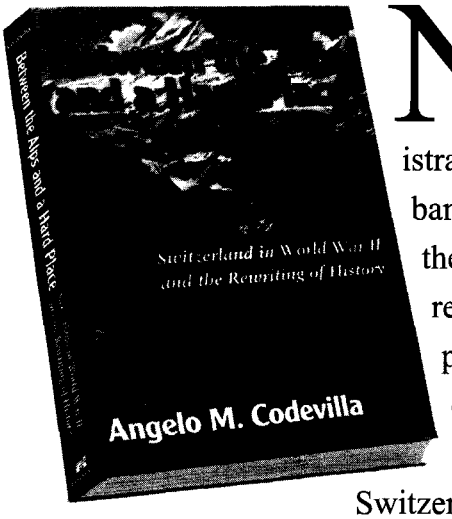
government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, so that the wider America's influence spreads, the better for humanity: while China is a corrupt, brutish, and lawless despotism, the close containment of which is a pressing interest for the whole human race. One cannot, of course, expect Chinese people to be very receptive to this answer.

Or, indeed, to anything much we have to say on the subject of their increasingly militant and assertive nationalism. We simply have no leverage here. It is no use trying to pretend that this is the face-saving ideology of a small leadership group, forced on an unwilling populace at gunpoint. The Chinese people respond eagerly to these ultra-nationalist appeals: That is precisely why the leadership makes them. Resentment of the U.S., and a determination to enforce Chinese hegemony in Asia, are well-nigh universal among modern mainland Chinese. These emotions trump any desire for constitutional government, however much people dislike the current regime for its corruption and incompetence. Find a mainlander, preferably one under the age of thirty, and ask him which of the following he would prefer: for the Communists to stay in power indefinitely, unreformed, but in full control of the "three T's" (Tibet, Turkestan, Taiwan); or a democratic, constitutional government *without* the three T's. His answer will depress you. You can even try this unhappy little experiment with dissidents: same answer.

Is there anything we can do about all this? One thing only. We must understand clearly that there will be lasting peace in East Asia when, and only when, China abandons her atavistic fantasies of imperial hegemony, withdraws her armies from the 2 million square miles of other people's territory they currently occupy, and gets herself a democratic government under a rule of law. Until that day comes, if it ever does, the danger of war will be a constant in relations between China and the world beyond the Wall, as recent events in the South China Sea have illustrated. Free nations, under the indispensable leadership of the United States, must in the meantime struggle to maintain peace, using the one, single, and only method that wretched humanity, in all its millennia of experience, has so far been able to devise for that purpose: *Qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bellum.* **NR**

The Truth about Switzerland



Noted author Angelo Codevilla shows that the Clinton administration's pressure on Swiss banks to pay reparations for the Holocaust was a service rendered to its biggest campaign contributor, and contradicted established American policy toward Switzerland. *Between the Alps and a Hard Place* sets the record straight.

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Lessons from Clinton

W. can learn

BYRON YORK

On March 26, the *New York Times* published a story headlined "Some Say U.S. Lags in Blocking Foot-and-Mouth Disease at the Border." The paper reported that many experts fear the Department of Agriculture "has nothing close to the resources it needs to protect America's 170 million cattle, sheep, and pigs" from the disease ravaging livestock in Great Britain. "Quite frankly, the department needs much more resources at all borders," Dan Glickman, the Clinton-administration agriculture secretary, told the *Times*, "and the White House needs to think about this as a threat to our national economic security."

In a more recent conversation, Glickman, now a lawyer with a large Washington firm, was less critical of the administration's performance. "Ann Veneman and her team are doing a good job substantively," he said of his successor at Agriculture. "On the substance, the cabinet-level departments are doing fine." But even though the Bush administration, in Glickman's view, is doing the right things on the foot-and-mouth issue, it has missed an opportunity to tell the world about it. "If this had been during the Clinton administration, we probably would have had an active interagency process with an active communications strategy to it," Glickman said. In plain terms, that means the Clinton White House would have turned a potential problem into a political payoff.

How would the former president have done it? First, he would have convened a high-level meeting to dramatize the foot-and-mouth threat. "That would have gotten some press," says Rahm Emanuel, the former White House senior adviser who took part in many such events. "We would have gotten a spray [meaning, television coverage] of the meeting with the secretary of agriculture, the head of HHS, and it would have looked like we were ahead of the curve." Then, with cameras rolling, Clinton would have informed Americans of the steps he was taking to protect them. Finally—privately—the president's pollsters would have measured the political benefit of the latest White House initiative.

In contrast, the Bush administration's reaction stressed substance and ignored politics. While that's hard to question from a governing standpoint, the same could be said of other issues—arsenic in water, salmonella in meat, carbon-dioxide emissions—in which the administration made reasonable decisions only to endure a torrent of politically damaging criticism. The problem has led to the beginnings of a debate on whether the White House should take a new approach to the salesmanship and political theater involved in building support for potentially controversial positions. More specifically, it has raised the question of whether the new president should take a lesson from his predecessor.

TAKING ON WATER

Start with arsenic. In his final days in office, Clinton signed an order imposing a new and dramatically lower federal standard for the presence of arsenic in the water supply. The outgoing president's action left Bush in a bind: He could do nothing, in which case the Clinton rule would take effect on its own, or he could throw out Clinton's action altogether. He chose the latter course and set off a predictable storm of criticism from Democrats who accused the White House of plotting to poison the nation's drinking water.

Administration officials tried to explain that the proposed Clinton standard was unrealistic. They tried to explain that a certain amount of arsenic is always in the water. They tried to explain that the arsenic standard had been the same for nearly 60 years—including all the years of the Clinton administration. These arguments were no doubt effective with those who form their opinions on the basis of reason; but they bombed with the large group of voters who evaluate issues on the basis of fear.

"How do we explain the Clinton arsenic rule?" asks Fred Smith, the head of the conservative Competitive Enterprise Institute and occasional adviser to the White House on regulatory matters. "Say it wasn't based on sound science? That it wasn't a logical thing to do? Fine, but what about the people who feel vulnerable?" The question is especially critical in the area of public health and safety, where Democrats in Congress speak an intricately contrived language of caring and protection and security. "The Bush administration hasn't fleshed compassionate conservatism out enough to find ways to talk about environmental safety issues in ways that resonate with people who care about those issues," Smith says.

From his vantage point in Chicago, where he is now an investment banker, Rahm Emanuel was baffled by the arsenic episode. It wasn't Bush's policy decision—Emanuel concedes there wasn't anything terribly wrong with that. It was that the administration handled the politics of the issue so badly. "It just doesn't make sense," says Emanuel. "I would have said that what we have on the books today is unacceptable, but what the Clinton administration did at the last minute is also wrong—and in three months we'll have a number that is right."

By late March, the administration had lost control of the arsenic issue, even after the president himself tried to fix things. "At the very last minute, my predecessor made a decision, and we pulled back his decision so that we can make a decision based upon sound science and what's realistic," Bush said at a news conference. "There will be a reduction in the acceptable amount of arsenic per billion after the review in the EPA." After all the brouhaha, the Bush White House committed itself to doing just what Clinton had done, only more reasonably. And only after days of needless controversy.

SMALLBALL

The new administration made similar mistakes, with some variations, in its handling of the salmonella and carbon-dioxide issues. In each instance, the White House was faced with unrealistic requirements left over from the Clinton administration, and in each case it mishandled the politics.

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It's a story line that will undoubtedly become quite familiar; there are reams of unreasonable Clinton rules to undo, and the Bush White House urgently needs to find a more persuasive way to go about it.

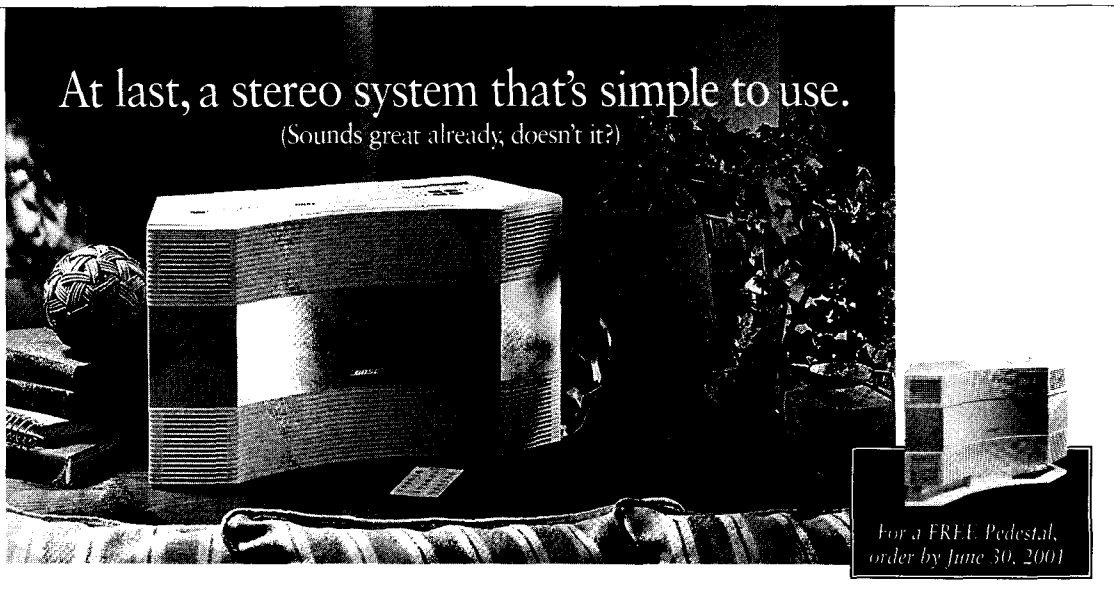
But the new administration's stumbles also suggest that it will eventually need to do something else, something more positive. Perhaps that will be a new strategy: to propose a series of mini-initiatives—similar in style to those used so successfully by Bill Clinton himself—to advance a conservative agenda.

So far, Bush has focused famously on a few big issues—tax cut, budget, education—in the belief that winning on them will ensure a successful presidency. But at the same time Bush focuses on the big stuff, failing to pay attention to the small stuff might begin to do him serious political harm. Dick Morris, the political strategist who in 1996 helped Clinton win reelection with a series of mini-initiatives, uses the term "smallball" to describe the strategy. Faced with the defeat of his agenda and the loss of Congress, Clinton came up with an endless string of micro-ideas—cell phones for orange-hat crime patrols, car-safety seats, a 311 phone number for non-emergency calls that did not require calling 911—that, when added together, helped him regain political viability. "Bush is like the baseball team that sits back and waits for the three-run homer," says Morris. "Clinton was like the team that gets a bunt, a walk, and a single. It's smallball versus bigball."

Now, it is Bush's opponents in Congress who are using smallball to regain their political viability—and eat away at Bush's. "The Democrats are keeping up a fairly effective drumbeat of negatives on him, which is reflective of the smallball strategy," says Morris. "One day it's salmonella, another day it's arsenic, another day it's CO2. In effect, they are deploying that strategy as a negative against Bush, and I think its cumulative effect will be significant." The result, according to Morris, is that Bush is "perilously close to losing the compassionate-conservative label that he almost lost after South Carolina. He has to realize that he's in danger of going backward."

What can Bush do? In addition to his laser focus on cutting taxes, he might try a few Republican mini-programs. His first, the faith-based initiative, is stalled because Bush coupled popular ideas, like making charitable donations deductible for those who do not itemize on their tax returns, with a controversial proposal to expand government funding of religious groups. Bush has also proposed a "compassion capital fund," which is a Clintonian smallball idea if there ever was one. And now, with the presentation of his 2002 budget, Bush appears to be groping toward a more extensive smallball strategy.

"It represents compassionate conservatism," the president said of the budget on the day it was released. "For example, the budget provides a $21 million increase for food-safety



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programs, $1 billion increase for Pell Grants for low-income students, $350 million increase for child care. We help children whose parents are in prison with a $67 million mentoring program. We increase funding available to prevent child abuse by 66 percent. We fight crime, $87 million increase for front-line prosecutors. We give $75 million for Project Child Safe, which is a program that provides gun-safety locks for families." The list was a hodge-podge of Republican and Democratic initiatives; what remains to be seen is whether the programs merit just one quick mention, or whether Bush will give them the presidential imprimatur that can reap real political benefits.

THE 48 PERCENT MAN

Whatever its political value, the very idea of using Clintonian tactics is odious to many Republicans. "This is a very uncynical administration," says one White House insider, admiringly. But it would be easier to be uncynical—to pay little attention to PR—if the president were in a strong political position, and George W. Bush is not in such a position. Clinton was weakened first by political overreaching and then by scandal. Bush is weak because he became president in an election in which his opponent won more votes. And now he is attempting to govern like a president who won a big majority.

Recent polls show Bush's job approval rating in the low 50s, not much more than the 48 percent of the vote he won in November. And when the White House messes up an issue like arsenic or salmonella, it plays particularly badly with the majority of voters who didn't vote for Bush. That, in turn, will eventually make it hard for the president to accumulate the support he needs to do other things.

No doubt some will suggest that Bush ignore the criticism. One senior Republican tells a story about the days in August and September of last year, when Bush and Al Gore were haggling about the form of the upcoming presidential debates. Bush was being hammered in the press for his desire to throw out the format required by the Presidential Debate Commission. "We couldn't win that one, and some of our supporters got a little nervous," says the Republican. "We had a conference call, and one very senior campaign official said, 'You know, we've had a tough week on these debate negotiations, but in the end, the American people are going to focus on how the governor does in the debates. All they are going to care about is how he does.' And in hindsight, the debates were a turning point, and no one remembered the jostling."

Some on Bush's team are now making the same point. If the president passes a tax cut, wins a good budget, and begins the process of reforming Social Security, who is going to care about arsenic and salmonella and all that? Maybe no one. But there's also the possibility that the cumulative weight of all those issues will take its toll on Bush's already shaky political support. Bush might ultimately discover that he is not in an either/or situation. Perhaps a leader can concentrate a few big programs *and* play a little smallball on the side. George W. Bush needs more support than he won in the election, and in the coming months he'll have to think very hard about how to get it. **NR**

Invasion of a Certain Kind

A big question for the West

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

In February, a rusty, decrepit freighter named the *East Sea* ran aground on the Côte d'Azur near Saint-Tropez. Its captain and crew fled, and when police and medical teams arrived on the vessel, they found 900 people—250 men, 180 women, and 480 children—cooped up in the hold. Mainly Iraqi Kurds, they had paid gangs approximately $4,500 per adult and $2,000 per child to be smuggled into Western Europe. In return for this money, they had squatted in a hot, filthy, pitch-black hold, with no ventilation and almost no food or water, for a voyage of eight days. About a dozen swam ashore and disappeared. The rest were abandoned to the attentions of French immigration authorities, most asserting that they were political refugees seeking asylum, many that they were heading for Britain, which has (by European standards) relatively liberal asylum laws.

If these details sound dramatic, the event itself was no more than an everyday occurrence on the borders of Western Europe from the Baltic to Sicily. The Mediterranean trade in refugees has already produced far worse tragedies than the *East Sea*: Smugglers in fast boats have thrown babies overboard in the Adriatic to divert their pursuers; and a Dutch truckdriver has just been sentenced to 14 years in prison for murdering 58 Chinese illegal immigrants, found dead—of suffocation—in a container in Dover last June.

Robert Fox of London's liberal *Evening Standard* estimates that there are between 10 million and 20 million illegal immigrants in Western Europe—the large discrepancy depends on whether you calculate that one known illegal immigrant equals three or five unknown ones—and the number of new arrivals is increasing as the smugglers hone their skills.

Western Europe is not, of course, exceptional in this regard. The recent Census suggests that the illegal-immigrant population in the U.S. is 11 million people—almost double the previous official estimate. The borders with Canada and Mexico are notoriously porous; a combination of smuggling rings, liberal asylum laws, cheap air travel, and sympathetic ethnic diasporas ensures that the trade is hard to stop, both practically and politically.

Most of the time, therefore, it is ignored. It takes the beaching of an *East Sea*, or of the ships carrying Chinese migrants to Vancouver in the summer of 1999, or of the *Golden Venture* off Queens in New York in 1993, to shake us out of our complacency; and even then the effect is transitory. The *Golden Venture* held 300 Chinese migrants who had paid $20,000–$35,000 to criminals for their passage; it was the twenty-fourth such ship known to have reached America this way (many more make it without being discovered by the INS). Most of the illegal arrivals sought asylum, and—because their

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plight is truly a tragic one—we do not have the heart to deport them. None of those on the *Golden Venture* has returned home; none of those on the *East Sea* will do so; all will reach some haven in the First World. And because their friends and relatives back home know this, a slow, gradual, peaceful invasion of a wealthy First World by an impoverished Third World will proceed essentially unhampered—exactly as Jean Raspail predicted in 1973, though not exactly in the manner he predicted.

A TALE OF TWO FICTIONS

Raspail is a distinguished French author whose novel, *The Camp of the Saints*, was published in 1973. (The English translation has been recently republished by the Social Contract Press of Petoskey, Michigan.) Set at some point in 1973's future (about now, in fact), it tells how the impoverished Calcutta masses spontaneously board rusty old freighters and sail off to find the earthly paradise of Western Europe—more precisely, the Côte d'Azur. As their long voyage drags out, the Western powers, in particular the French government, anxiously debate how to keep them at bay—in vain, because the huddled masses on the leaky tubs are wielding the one weapon against which the West is defenseless: its own sense of common humanity. Only a handful of Frenchmen (including a naturalized Indian from the former French colony of Pondicherry) have the ruthlessness to defend France and Western civilization by firing on the unarmed Indians and their local hippie fellow-travelers. The political, cultural, religious, and media elites comfort themselves with universalistic slogans ("We're all from the Ganges now"). Ordinary Frenchmen swallow these placebos complacently until the truth dawns; and when it is too late to halt the inflow, they flee inland. The Calcutta masses arrive, sweep all before them, and eradicate the "Camp of the Saints" where a few armed resisters have gathered. These perish, gaily singing "*Je ne regrette rien*" as they are bombed by the new collaborationist government's planes as well as overwhelmed by the alien horde. At the end of the novel, France and the West have succumbed to a kind of ethnic Marxism in which "anti-racism" is the governing ideology and a multicultural society wallows in a combination of Soviet inefficiency and Eastern fatalism.

Raspail's novel got what are politely described as mixed reviews. The *New York Times* gave it two dissections, the first comparing it to a "perfervid racist diatribe" and dismissing it as "bilge," the second giving a slightly more measured verdict ("preposterous," "banal," etc.). Other hostile notices were "a fascist fantasy . . . a disgusting book" (*Newsday*) and "a psychotic fantasy" and "a dull and stupid book" (*Providence Journal*). The friendlier reviews generally saw it not as a realistic novel, but as a nightmare of symbolism and a novel of ideas: e.g., "a terrifying nightmare and a sedulous polemic" (Louisville *Courier-Journal*). But even many of the friendly reviewers were troubled by the thought that Raspail's vision, however profound, was tainted by racism.

No such hostility greeted the almost identical thesis, 17 years later, of a BBC film, *The March*, in which the Third World's invasion of Europe was seen in a broadly favorable light. *The March* depicted the impoverished inhabitants of a Sudanese village/refugee camp suddenly deciding to march to the earthly paradise of the European Community. The task of formulating a response falls to a compassionate European Commissioner who is a lookalike for former Irish president (now U.N. human-rights commissioner) Mary Robinson.

As the poor Sudanese marchers make their slow way to the straits of Gibraltar, the European Commission fruitlessly debates what to do. The Mary Robinson character wants to admit some of the marchers in orderly stages while increasing aid to Sudan; others argue that this will merely encourage a mass Third World exodus; most simply want to get the discussion over with. Europe accordingly does too little, too late: The marchers cross the straits in commandeered boats, are met by armed soldiers, and stand facing them in their quest for justice. The film ends with this stalemate.

Of the many differences between these two fascinating and prophetic works, three stand out.

One: *Cultural Identity.* While *The March* is a secular political drama about the distribution of economic resources, *The Camp* is a mystical and symbolic nightmare about what is now called the clash of civilizations. In the BBC film, the marchers are inspired by a simple vision of a better life in Europe: They want McDonalds. In Raspail, the stakes are higher—as hints are scattered of an assault by the Eastern gods on the dying God of the Christian West. The illiterate Ganges peasant who leads the Calcutta masses quotes from the Book of Revelation; the "Saints" who resist to the end have the same names as heroes who fought the Turks at Lepanto; the deformed monster-child of the Ganges peasant suffers a violent spasm at exactly 3 P.M. on Good Friday; the end of the West takes place at Easter. Even the physical descriptions of the "Last Chance Armada" as a stinking, formless humanity with a single instinctual drive—descriptions that have given most justification to the charge of racism—constitute a metaphor for Raspail's view of Asian civilizations as torpid, fatalistic, and anti-individualist.

Not that the Saints are saintly, or even Christian. They are prepared to fire on the unarmed invaders (unlike Raspail himself, who—in a 1982 afterword—confessed that he himself "would not have had the courage to fire one shot when brought face to face with those hordes of living breathing misery"). Insofar as they are faithful to Christian tradition, it is more because it is their tradition than because they are Christians. Even some of the orthodox clergy among them are privately skeptics, defending the faith for the sake of the faithful. These last defenders of Christian Europe may die like Chestertonians, with a merry smile on their lips; but they justify their actions like Straussians guarding the sacred lie, and they kill with the ruthless despair of Nietzscheans. Christian Europe loses in the end because no European truly believes in it.

Two: *Economic Justice.* In *The March*, the justification of the Third World invasion is "We are poor because you are rich." The best response that the faux Mary Robinson can muster to this—"It's more complicated than that"—is virtually an admission of her opponent's charge. We are given here a debate between the radical left-winger and the agonized liberal, with no recognition that a more skeptical conservative position is possible. In fact, the reason that the West has a greater share of the world's resources is that it created those resources in the first place. Oil in the ground is not a resource until it is

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extracted, transported, and used in new inventions like automobiles and airplanes at prices that compete with whale oil and other substitutes. Malayan rubber trees were not a native resource until the British imported rubber trees from Brazil. And so on, ad infinitum.

In other words, we are rich because we are productive. If no such thought disturbs *The March*, it is a theme threaded throughout *The Camp*. Raspail sees the West as an economically productive civilization, but one that is psychologically weak. Not only has it lost belief in itself, but it has done its sums and calculated that 700 million white Westerners cannot permanently withstand 7 billion "Others." Seen in this light, justice is much more a matter of numbers than of desert.

Three: *Geopolitical Power.* Each work is a product of its time. *The March*, produced in 1990 only months after the end of the Cold War, shows the West as ineffective, ambivalent, bureaucratic, and hypocritical—*but not as a complete pushover.* Although the film ends with a standoff, we know from previous scenes that a British officer—unsympathetic—has orders to resist the Sudanese incursion with force. We will have to deal with the just demands of the Third World one day, argues Mary Robinson; for the moment, however, we may be able to maintain our privileged position. We had, after all, just seen off the Soviet Union.

In *The Camp*, by contrast, France simply collapses, the Asiatic masses engulf the West, and a new world comes into being—"anti-racist," anti-Western, anti-individualist, anti-capitalist, and collectivist both materially and spiritually. From the perspective of 2001, this looks less like a vision of the future than an extrapolation of the 1970s—when OPEC's quadrupling of oil prices and America's defeat in Vietnam, *inter alia*, led to a widespread sense on the Left that it was only a matter of a few years before Communist Third World guerrillas turned up to announce closing time in the gardens of the West. In those days, a Third World invasion of the West was not a right-wing nightmare but a left-wing daydream. Raspail merely turned the dream upside down and described its course with a bitter aristocratic irony.

FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION

The future, of course, turned out very differently—thanks, in particular, to Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, and the peoples of the then-captive nations. As a result, though the Third World is actually thronging westwards—as predicted by *The Camp* and *The March*—the nature of its incursion is very different from those fictional accounts.

Who would have foreseen, for instance, that this "brown invasion" would include a regiment of blondes? Yet the economic and spiritual collapse of the Soviet world, making prostitution the most attractive career path for Eastern-bloc schoolgirls (according to a Russian opinion poll in the early 1990s), has sent hordes of nubile young Russians, Ukrainians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, and Albanians into the bordellos of the West. A Raspail writing today might take savage pleasure in describing how the experience of Marxist feminism reinvigorated the white-slave trade.

Similarly, Raspail did not foresee (and *The March* did not acknowledge) the economic resurgence of Asia. Far from being uniformly sunk in economic torpor, some Asian countries have shown dramatic rates of economic growth, outpacing Europe. What seems to have happened since the 1970s is that some Eastern cultures have absorbed and applied Western concepts of economic theory and even individual enterprise.

Above all, the Third World invasions in *The March* and *The Camp* were supposed to threaten the privileges and comforts of the rich. The poor might suffer incidentally, but it would be the rich who would be satisfactorily humbled and cast down. Yet exactly the opposite has happened: The rich are the principal, maybe the only, Western beneficiaries of Third World migration—both practically and psychologically. They get amenable Third World maids, gardeners, and nannies for their homes; hardworking agricultural workers, computer programmers, and factory hands for their industries; and attractively exotic escorts for their leisure hours—all far more cheaply than the often tiresome and difficult domestic versions.

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Today, corporate multiculturalism is the philosophy that unites liberal and conservative elites—and separates them from the hard-hat patriotism of the people.

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Psychologically, Western elites have more or less emancipated themselves from nationalist or cultural concepts such as American patriotism or Western identity. Today, corporate multiculturalism is the philosophy that unites liberal and conservative elites—and, no less important, separates them from the hard-hat patriotism of the people. Indeed, the elites increasingly find the expression of such traditional loyalties embarrassing, alien (paradoxically), irrational, economically misleading, and even symptomatic of bigotry, xenophobia, and nativism. As citizens of an increasingly borderless world, they have outgrown such concepts as nationhood and national sovereignty, and they worry about the threat to liberty posed by those who still embrace these concepts.

The arrival of ever more migrants thus serves several purposes: It reduces the weight and influence of the middle-American masses in politics and culture; it makes multiculturalism seem less a matter of choice than of inevitable adaptation; and it fosters a society that, because it is divided ethnically and culturally, requires a political elite to manage it. And here *The Camp* was extremely prophetic, because the real villain in Raspail's book is not the "Last Chance Armada" of the Calcutta poor, but rather what Raspail calls "The Beast"—what Tom Bethell and Joseph Sobran call "The Hive"—namely, the vast retinue of progressive opinion-mongers in politics, journalism, religion, and other institutions, who, without being organized in any way, invariably come up with the same slogans, analyses, condemnations, and programs to advance the suicide of the West. This Beast/Hive seeks, first, to explain away any apparently threatening aspect of the coming invasion; for instance, it suppresses the news that the refugees might themselves be motivated by racism or xenophobia.

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Second, it instinctively loosens any bonds of social solidarity that might strengthen France and enable it to resist; thus, all expressions of doubt about the advantages of the invasion are ascribed to racism, xenophobia, and so on. The French are essentially made ashamed of their Frenchness, as a prelude to imposing on them a new identity. If this sounds grim, it is not. What makes *The Camp* such a funny book is the sardonic portrayal of progressive priests, *bien-pensant* liberal journalists, fatuous "peace" campaigners, and pious frauds of every kind as they fall over themselves to welcome the invasion.

Raspail himself points out that *The Camp* was intended not as a realistic picture but as a nightmare vision. Yet its portrayal of "The Beast" is uncannily accurate: Post-national elites in Europe and America tell us that we have no alternative to accepting continuing high levels of immigration, because we need immigrants to pay for our retirement and other entitlements. As Oxford demographer David Coleman has pointed out in the *London Times*: "To keep the support ratio constant at today's level the UK is told it would 'need' 1.25 million immigrants per year (or 58 million by 2050, taking the total to 136 million), by which time *well over half the UK population would be of post-1995 immigrant descent*." (Emphasis added.)

Having thus elected a new people, the elites also propose to turn the traditional concept of assimilation on its head. America demonstrated in the past that immigrants could be successfully assimilated to an existing American cultural and political identity. What is now being attempted, however, is an assimilation of America (and other Western nations) into new cultural and political identities devised ad hoc to make the new arrivals feel at home. After all, we have to live with these people, don't we? So we have to make room for their languages, cultures, beliefs, and social practices; in order to do that effectively, we have to amend many of our own that they might find insensitive—hence multiculturalism, etc.

Nor, finally, do these amendments stop at the trivial. They go to the heart of what constitutes a nation—its historical memory, its institutions and traditions, and its sense of identity. U.S. history is rewritten to play up the contribution of victim groups—and thus to reduce the role of those individuals and groups that most shaped the nation. The concept of individual rights, which was the justification for the American Revolution, is increasingly replaced by that of group rights based on cultural identities. And, just recently, an official British commission concluded that the British identity itself is inherently racist and should be replaced by one that would better reflect the multicultural character of "Cool Britannia."

This last is especially significant, because the British identity began as a multiethnic one, yet succeeded in establishing a new sense of common loyalty. Like the American identity, it excites the particular dislike of managerial elites because it formed the basis for a self-managing society based on voluntary cooperation. All of the above changes, by contrast, represent moves from a self-managing society to one directed by bureaucratic elites.

These processes are slower than an invasion, but they are perhaps more certain. Although imposed politically, they mimic the organic change that transforms all societies over time. And accordingly, we adapt to them—until we almost forget the world we have lost. **NR**

Tiger Time

The wonder of an American hero

JAY NORDLINGER

SOMETIME last season, I e-mailed a friend of mine, an ex-pro golfer and a keen student of the game. "Are we ready to concede that Tiger is the best ever?" I asked. His answer was slightly ambiguous; I couldn't tell whether he was being sincere or sarcastic. So I asked for a clarification. "Oh, let me be perfectly clear," he replied. "Nicklaus in his heyday couldn't carry Tiger's clubs. Really."

Now, my friend and I were Nicklaus worshipers from way back—we still are. When it comes to Nicklaus, we are dangerously close to violating the First Commandment. So acknowledging the truth about Tiger came hard. Jack Nicklaus—this is gospel in golf—dominated his sport as no other athlete ever dominated any sport. I once began a piece about Nicklaus roughly this way: Boxing folks can talk about Louis versus Ali; baseball people can talk about Cobb and Ruth and Mays (or whomever); tennis people can have a high time about Laver and Sampras; but in golf, there's nothing to discuss.

What's more, no one else was ever supposed to dominate the game. Nicklaus was supposed to be the last giant, the last player ever to make the others quake, the last to win predictably. You see, "parity" had arrived: That was the big buzzword on Tour. There were now thirty, forty—maybe sixty guys who could win in any given week. Golf instruction—swing science—had equalized things. Advances in equipment had equalized things. Conditioning, nutrition, etc., had equalized things. If a guy won, say, three tournaments in a season, that would be practically a freak, and the fellow would be Player of the Year, for sure. We would never see anything close to Nicklaus again.

Furthermore, his mark of 18 professional majors—twenty majors, if you counted his two U.S. Amateurs (and most of us did, because we loved that round, awesome number)—was an inviolable record. It would stand forever. It was the most unapproachable record in golf.

All of this needs to be remembered, because people forget. I've seen this in my own (not terribly long) lifetime. When I was young, the greatest record in baseball—the one that would live unto eternity—was Lou Gehrig's 2,130 consecutive games. That, all the experts said, was the one mark no one would ever reach. But then, when Cal Ripken closed in on it, they changed. They *cheated*. Now they said it was Joe D's 56-game hitting streak that was numero uno. Ah, but I remember: I won't forget. Ripken's achievement must not be slighted—everyone said it was impossible.

And now Tiger: The non-golfer will simply have to trust me that no one was supposed to be able to do what Tiger has, in fact, done. His achievements are—or were—unimaginable. The question arises, Has Woods won the Grand Slam? I, for

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one, don't care: He has won something like it—four consecutive majors—and no one else has (forgetting Bobby Jones, in the "premodern" Slam). I vow not to forget—no matter how fuzzy the past becomes—that Woods has accomplished what was proclaimed by one and all unaccomplishable.

How to talk about Tiger Woods? I don't know. Start with this (a cliché, but a useful cliché): When Nicklaus first showed up at the Masters, Bob Jones said, "He plays a game with which I am not familiar." The same has to be said of Woods. Another friend of mine—a pro golfer and a genuine *philosophe*—made the following, arresting statement: "It's not just that Woods is the best ever to play the game; it is that he is the *first* ever to play it." Think about that for more than a second or two, and you grow dizzy. What does it mean? It means, I think, that Tiger is the first truly to exploit the possibilities of the game. That he is the first to swing the club as it ought to be swung. That he—this gets a bit mystical—sees a game that others have been blind to, or have caught only glimpses of.

In the last years of his life, I had lessons—and many long conversations—with Bill Strausbaugh Jr., the most decorated teacher in the history of the PGA. "Coach" was one of the wisest men I ever hope to meet in golf, or to meet, period. Speaking of Tiger—this was in 1998, I believe—he said, "That young man has the best golf motion ever." (Coach disdained the word "swing"—he thought it gave his students the wrong idea.) I replied, condescendingly, like an idiot, "Oh, Coach, you must mean that he has *one* of the best ever. You've seen Hogan, Snead—all of them." He fixed me with a look and said, "No, Jay, I meant what I said: Tiger has the best golf motion *ever*." I was tremendously impressed by this, because the old are usually afflicted with the vice of nostalgia: No one is ever as good now as then. Thus, in baseball, for example, you hear, "Yeah, Roger Clemens is okay, but Grover Alexander! There was a pitcher!" Right.

Agence France Presse

'Magnificent in every department'

Bill Strausbaugh also said, "Tiger has three things: a great golf motion, a great golf mind, and a great golf body. [This last, Coach maintained, is grossly underrated.] He is ideal—I never thought I would see it."

THE RECORD

Tiger Woods was a legend before he ever turned pro. He had, I would argue, the greatest amateur career ever. (Bobby Jones idolaters—of whom I am one, from the crib—should just sit still. There is an argument here. And Jones wasn't an "amateur" in our present sense.) In fact, it's unfortunate about Tiger's dazzling pro career that it has been allowed to overshadow, inevitably, his amateur career. Tiger Woods, starting when he was 15 years old, won three straight U.S. Junior Championships and three straight U.S. Amateur Championships. This achievement is positively stupefying. I could try to explain, but, again, I say: Trust me.

Tiger was the youngest ever to win the Junior—he was 15. No one had ever won twice, and he would win three times. He was the youngest ever to win the U.S. Amateur—he was 18. He would be the only player ever to win the Am three years in a row. This takes a discipline, a kind of genius, that is hard to fathom. I argued, quite seriously, that if, God forbid, Tiger died before he ever had a chance to tee it up as a pro, he would die as one of the finest players in history. And he would have.

(I should interject here that Tiger—it is almost an afterthought—won the NCAA championship. He attended college—Stanford—for two years. Condoleezza Rice once told me—she had been provost of Stanford—that it was a shame that Tiger left school, understandable as it was, because he "really enjoyed it.")

Then there is Tiger the pro. Once more, how to convey the uniqueness—the impossibility—of it all? Tiger is only 25—and he has won 27 tournaments, including six majors (nine, if you count the way we do for Nicklaus). To provide a little comparison, Curtis Strange, who was the best player in the world for several years, won 17 tournaments, and two majors. At one stage, Woods won six PGA events *in a row*: Farewell, parity. Indeed, before Woods, it was absurd to say, "I think so-and-so will win this golf tournament," or even, "So-and-so is the favorite." Golf is not a football game, in which one team or the other must win. Tiger has introduced a strange element: predictability.

Let's grapple with some victory margins: In 1997 (at age 21, but that's a different matter), Tiger won the Masters by twelve shots. I once heard the TV commentator Ken Venturi, in the pre-Tiger era, say of a guy who was leading some tournament by three shots—three shots—"He's lapping the field." And he was. When you win the Masters, you win it by one shot, two shots—three shots, maybe. Often, you're forced to win it in a sudden-death playoff. Tiger won the 1997 Masters by twelve shots: He could have made a *15* at the final par 4 and still won—could have made 16 to play off.

In 2000, he won the U.S. Open, at Pebble Beach, by fifteen shots. He won the British Open, at St. Andrews, by eight shots. (These are all records, but we can't possibly begin to go into the record book.) I argued—only half-jokingly, or a third jokingly—that Tiger should retire then and there, rather as Bobby Jones did, at age 28. What did he have left to prove? Sure, he had dreamed all his life of breaking Nicklaus's lifetime records, but that was just a matter of longevity, of hanging around, of staying uninjured, of keeping oneself interested. What is there left to do after winning the U.S. Open at Pebble (by fifteen) and the British at St. Andrews (by eight), and in the millennial year of 2000?

Well, you can go on to win a type of Slam, I guess. And Woods is still charging.

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THE MAN

Of course, he is more than a golfer: He is an important American, not least because of the racial or ethnic question. There is probably no one in the country more refreshing, more resolute about race than Tiger Woods. He is a one-man army against cant and stupidity. One of the most thrilling television moments I have ever seen occurred at the Masters, when Tiger was playing as an amateur. Jim Nantz of CBS asked him one of those softball, standard, perfunctory questions: "Do you think you have an obligation to be a role model for minority kids?" Tiger answered, quick as a flash, "No." I almost fell out of my chair. He continued, "I have an obligation to be a role model for *all* kids."

After Tiger won the Masters in '97, President Clinton asked him, the morning after, to join him the following day, to participate in a Jackie Robinson ceremony at Shea Stadium. Tiger said . . . no, to the President of the United States. The invitation was last-minute, and Tiger was suspicious of its motives. He had long planned a vacation in Mexico with friends, and he wouldn't scrap or alter it. Many people criticized Tiger for this decision; but he told them, essentially, to get lost. Here was a firm, self-confident democratic citizen, not a serf, complying with the ruler's summons. The same mettle Woods shows on the golf course, he shows off it.

A good number of people don't like Tiger's attitude—don't like it at all. Larry King asked him, in 1998, "Do you feel that you're an influence on young blacks?" Tiger answered, calmly, unmovably, "Young children." An annoyed King shot back, "Just 'young children'? Don't you think you've attracted a lot more blacks to the game?" Replied Woods, "Yeah, I think I've attracted minorities to the game, but you know what? Why limit it to just that? I think you should be able to influence people in general, not just one race or social-economic background. Everybody should be in the fold." Again, I almost fell out of my chair. Tiger may be the most pointed universalist in public life.

Even Colin Powell, the current secretary of state, has gotten snippy with Tiger, or about him. Woods coined a word to describe his racial makeup: "Cablinasian." This is meant to stand for a mixture of Caucasian, black, Indian (American Indian), and Asian. Tiger's dad, a tough, no-nonsense career military man, is (to be disgustingly racial, but this is to make a point) half black, a quarter Chinese, and a quarter Indian; Tiger's mom is half Thai, a quarter Chinese, and a quarter white. Tiger is, in other words, 100 percent, pure American. Back to General Powell. On *Meet the Press* one Sunday in 1997, Tim Russert asked him (rather in the manner of Orval Faubus, actually), "If you have an ounce of black blood, aren't you black?" Powell responded that, like Tiger, he was of varied background, but "in order to not come up with a very strange word such as Tiger did, I consider myself black American. I'm very proud of it."

Well, despite his distaste for racial baloney, so is Woods: He is neither unaware nor unappreciative of the struggles of black people in this country. After winning the Masters that first time, he paid due homage to black players before him, including Charlie Sifford and Lee Elder (the first black to be allowed to play in the Masters, in 1975).

Yet Woods refuses to spend his life in obeisance to the race gods. At one point, he felt obliged to put out a "Media Statement," the purpose of which was "to explain my heritage." It would be—this is typical Tiger—"the final and only comment I will make regarding the issue":

> My parents have taught me to always be proud of my ethnic background. Please rest assured that is, and always will be, the case . . . On my father's side, I am African-American. On my mother's side, I am Thai. Truthfully, I feel very fortunate, and EQUALLY PROUD, to be both African-American and Asian!
>
> The critical and fundamental point is that ethnic background and/or composition should NOT make a difference. It does NOT make a difference to me. The bottom line is that I am an American . . . and proud of it! That is who I am and what I am. Now, with your cooperation, I hope I can just be a golfer and a human being.

We're told that we shouldn't need heroes. Well, too bad: We got one.

A RARE SPIRIT

Not every touring pro has been gracious about Tiger and what he means; envy and resentment run deep. But the Scottish champion Colin Montgomerie said a lot when he commented recently, "We never thought this would happen [Tiger's explosion] or that there was even a chance it would happen. We're fortunate to have the world's best athlete playing our game. We're all not bad. He's just better. He is magnificent in every department."

Yes, in every department. A rare spirit shoots through Tiger. Consider a few, disparate things. Every year at Augusta, the Champions Dinner is held, for which the previous year's winner selects the menu. In 1998, Tiger—age 22—chose hamburgers and milkshakes: the all-American meal. After he won the '97 Masters (remember, by a historic twelve shots), he took a look at the film and announced, "My swing stinks" (he didn't say "stinks," but I've cleaned it up a little). So he worked to make it even better—and it may become better yet. Woods is a perfect combination of the cool, self-contained golfer, à la Ben Hogan (or Nicklaus, for that matter), and the hot, impassioned golfer, à la Arnold Palmer, or Seve Ballesteros. And, finally, there is no better interview in sports: He handles himself superbly, and is not above displaying a contempt (usually sly) for dumb questions.

My golf friends and I have made our peace with Tiger, to say the least. Initially, I think we all had a fear of his displacing Nicklaus, which seemed . . . sacrilegious. It helped, however, that Woods is the biggest Nicklaus worshiper of all: He venerates him as Nicklaus venerated Jones, and as Nicklaus pledged to follow in Jones's footsteps, Tiger has pledged to follow in Nicklaus's. Said Nicklaus five years ago, "There isn't a flaw in [Tiger's] golf or in his makeup. He will win more majors than Arnold Palmer and me [Arnie was standing next to him] combined. Somebody is going to dust my records. It might as well be Tiger, because he's such a great kid."

Oh, it's a thrill to be alive in the Time of Tiger. Whether you give a hoot about golf or not, I ask you—a final time—to trust me: Rejoice. **NR**

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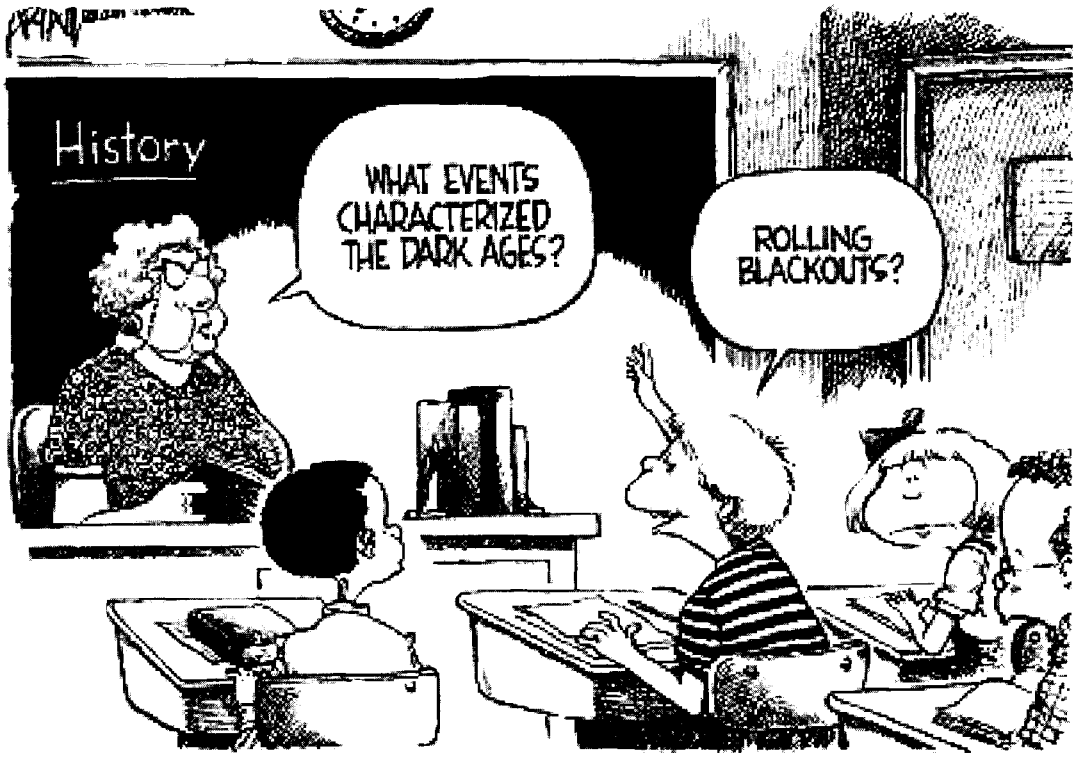

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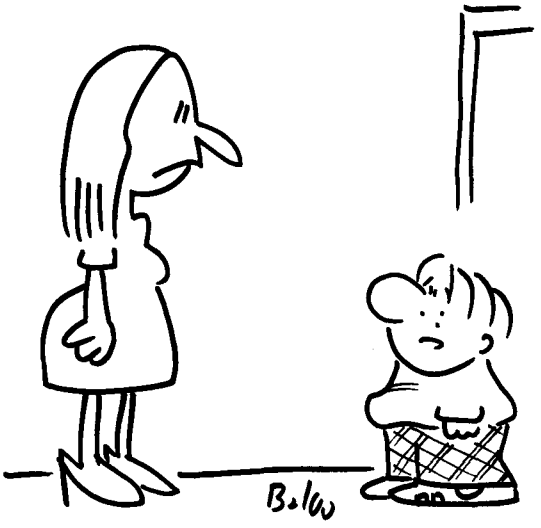

"I got suspended from school for a week—my science project was politically incorrect."

Fight Fiercely, George

The Chinese, who disguise themselves
Inside a lab as Santa's elves,
Ho-hoing when purloining plums
They pooh-pooh later as mere crumbs,
Are death on offshore snooping—an
Approach George Bush will either pan
While pumping hot-stuff to Taiwan,
Or sip won ton with Genghis Khan.

—W. H. von Dreele

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY
TELEPHONE TRANSCRIPT

7 APRIL 2001 09:35

BEGIN EXTRACT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: You're risking a whole lot of really good stuff here, Jang.

PRESIDENT OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA: Sir, respectfully, it's "Jiang." Say it like "jee" and then "ang." Jiang.

POTUS: Right. *Jang.* Got it. Sorry.

POTPRC: You say you are sorry? Well, Mr. President, that is all we have been waiting for. I shall release the—

POTUS: I meant I was sorry about the name thing, Jang. Just the name thing. And only the name thing. We clear?

POTPRC: An apology, sir, is the only way we can return your plane and your personnel with honor.

POTUS: We were in international air space, bud.

POTPRC: You were spying.

POTUS: Whatever. We were doing it international-wise.

POTPRC: Surely, sir, something as simple as an unconditional apology would not be so difficult for a man of your confidence to offer? Surely, sir, you understand how deeply my people feel the loss of our pilot. And how troubled we are by incursions into our territory.

POTUS: Lemme jaw at you for a sec, Jang. I know how this works, okay? This is the old test-the-new-guy's-mettle type thing, where you try to find out what old GW is made of, right? Right. Well, you know what I'm made of? Right now I'm made of pretty mad stuff, Jang.

POTPRC: Mr. President, there are forces in my country that compel me to take this stance. These forces will accept nothing less than a complete apology and an admission from you that your country was entirely in error.

POTUS: What about the forces in my country?

POTPRC: You are referring to Senator John McCain?

POTUS: Brother, you think you got trouble . . .

POTPRC: My question, sir, is, Why is not such a troublesome figure placed in a reeducation facility?

POTUS: You know something, Jang? That's my question too. Personally, I'm sorry I ever reached out to the guy.

POTPRC: You are sorry? Sir, your apology is accepted. The crew and airplane are free to—

POTUS: Not so fast, Jango. Do you mind if I call you Jango?

POTPRC: Is that one of your famous nicknames, sir?

POTUS: Well, it's the one I'm going to tell you about. Now listen up. Lemme give you a little American-history lesson. Are you familiar with a recent failed one-term American president?

POTPRC: You are referring, perhaps, to your father?

POTUS: No, Jango, I'm referring to Jimmy Carter. And you knew that.

POTPRC: True, sir.

POTUS: Okay. You know what killed his chances for a second term? It wasn't interest rates, or recession, or malaise, or any of that stuff.

POTPRC: I believe your country is entering a similar period right now.

POTUS: Okay, then. We agree on something. See, he and Ronald Reagan were running pretty much neck-and-neck up to the last month of the campaign. But it was the hostages—the embassy guys held in Iran—that did the trick. That's what made the difference. Do you see where I'm going with this?

POTPRC: That the hostages in Iran were responsible for Ronald Reagan's presidency, and George Bush's vice presidency, and, indirectly, your presidency?

POTUS: No, Jango. That the hostages tanked Carter's second term in a way that high unemployment and a lousy economy couldn't. You think you've got problems? Try running for office, Jango. You want me to feel sorry for you? You ever heard what they say about me on CNN? News flash, my Chinese friend: Over here, I ain't allowed to send Dan Rather to the Gulag, or whatever you call yours there.

POTPRC: A pity, sir.

POTUS: So don't give me the old "internal forces" line, Jango. I mean, cry me a [EXPLETIVE DELETED] river. You want out of this crisis? Send 'em all back.

POTPRC: In our language, the symbol for "crisis" is also the symbol for "opportunity."

POTUS: Yeah, yeah. Heard that one. But, see, I'm from Texas. We don't have symbols. We have, like, big hats and stuff. And steak. Okay? We done with the chit-chat? Send 'em all back, Jango, with the plane and we'll keep this all real upscale, okay?

POTPRC: There is an ancient saying in my country, Mr. President: "For every moon, a boxwood tree."

POTUS: You ever heard of something called a "West Texas Ass Kicking"?

POTPRC: "The ox has many flies—but only one tail."

POTUS: You're losing me on the fortune-cookie stuff there, Jang. Gotta lot of important stuff to get to, so let's make this all nicey-nice, okay? Send 'em home with the hardware. Not gonna say it again.

POTPRC: "The chicken and the pepper are friends only on the plate."

POTUS: I don't get that one.

POTPRC: "A butterfly may be a tiger; but the caterpillar can only be a moth."

POTUS: Still not getting it. I'm sorry.

POTPRC: You are?

POTUS: Excuse me?

POTPRC: Apology accepted, Mr. President.

POTUS: What the flying [EXPLETIVE DELETED]?

POTPRC: Quite gracious. Quite honorable.

POTUS: Now you listen here, you little—

POTPRC: The detainees are free to go. The plane is yours. Good day, sir.

POTUS: Um . . .

[Click. Dial tone.]

POTUS: Hello? Hello?

END EXTRACT

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Voice in the Wilderness

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Before the Storm: Barry Goldwater and the Unmaking of the American Consensus, by Rick Perlstein (Hill and Wang, 671 pp., $30)

As Alan Brinkley observed in the *American Historical Review* in April 1994, "American conservatism has been something of an orphan in historical scholarship." This should be no cause for surprise; most contemporary historians are liberals, and there was no obvious reason why they should devote themselves to the objective study of a phenomenon they found it positively painful to contemplate—especially since the tale, as it unfolded across the decades, turned out to be a success story. So the modern American conservative movement has been left, for many years, to the tender mercies of writers who had something very different from objective historical scholarship on their minds.

Sheer silence was the treatment of choice in the 1950s, though a few liberal commentators weighed in with snide observations. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., whose judgment in these matters is dependably poor (we shall hear from him again, later in this review), assured readers of the *New York Times Magazine* in mid-decade that the movement had no significance, being merely "the ethical afterglow of feudalism." John Fischer, the editor of *Harper's*, was kinder, writing in its March 1956 issue that *National Review*, the movement's leading (indeed, only) journal of opinion, might "serve a useful purpose in feeding the emotional hungers of a small congregation of the faithful, and it will have a certain interest for students of political splinter movements."

Barry Goldwater by Roman Genn

By the early 1960s, the growth of the conservative movement, and its consequent higher visibility, prompted certain other liberals to tackle the subject. Now the analysis tended to be clinical: Conservatism did not need to be understood so much as diagnosed. Richard Hofstadter, in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, turned to psychology for an explanation, suggesting that a sense of "persecution" characterized conservatives.

No doubt Barry Goldwater's landslide defeat by Lyndon Johnson in 1964 reconfirmed serious liberal historians in their belief that there was nothing here worth studying. In any case, another 16 years rolled by without any objective history worthy of the name. (An important exception, written by one of the few conservative historical scholars in the country, was George H. Nash's magisterial study, *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945*, published by Basic Books in 1976.)

But one might suppose that the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980, which ratified the ascendancy of the conservative movement in American politics, would surely inspire, at last, serious attention to the movement's history. Alas, no; another two decades passed in virtual silence, prompting Professor Brinkley's comment, quoted above.

It is only now, with the appearance of a whole new generation of political historians who were born too late to participate in the ideological wars of the 1950s and subsequent decades, that we are being vouchsafed the objective attention the conservative movement has deserved for more than forty years. And it is good news that one of the earliest of these studies, *Before the Storm: Barry Goldwater and the Unmaking of the American Consensus*, by Rick Perlstein, is comprehensively researched, well written, and basically fair.

Although focused on Goldwater, this is no mere biography; it is a comprehensive account of the growth of the conservative movement from its origins to Goldwater's crushing defeat in November 1964. Perlstein makes no bones about being personally liberal, but he is honest enough to admit that the founders of the conservative movement "set the spark that lit the fire that consumed an entire ideological universe."

Perlstein prefers politicians to intellectuals, and this bias misleads him into spending an unnecessary amount of time on various conservative political efforts in the 1950s that got nowhere—notably the brave but doomed efforts of Dean Clarence ("Pat") Manion of Notre Dame Law School—while giving relatively short shrift to the central

Mr. Rusher is a Distinguished Fellow of the Claremont Institute for the Study of Statesmanship and Political Philosophy. From 1957 to 1988 he was publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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conservative event of the decade: the founding of *National Review* by Bill Buckley in 1955. Conservatism was preeminently a movement of ideas, and ideas took precedence over political action in its first decade. In the beginning was the Word. But once the political actors begin arriving on the scene in the late 1950s and early '60s, there is little that Perlstein misses.

The attempt to nominate Barry Goldwater at the 1960 Republican convention was premature and predictably failed. But his *Conscience of a Conservative* (actually written by L. Brent Bozell Jr.), which had to be published by a corporation set up for the purpose if it were to see daylight at all, sold 3.5 million copies in hardcover and paperback, and by 1961 the woods were full of young political activists ready to do battle in his name. Young Americans for Freedom, the youth arm of the conservative movement, was founded in September 1960. The Conservative party of New York was launched by a couple of Young Turks to challenge Nelson Rockefeller in the 1962 gubernatorial election. And in October 1961, 22 men who had honed their skills in the Young Republican politics of the 1950s reunited quietly in a Chicago motel to found the nameless committee that, incredibly, would capture the Republican party in 1964 and hand its presidential nomination to Barry Goldwater.

Among the heroes of Perlstein's book is F. Clifton White, the gangly professional politician from upstate New York who summoned those old YR cronies to Chicago and then spent two thankless years traveling around the United States, whipping them into the formidable organization that wrested the GOP from the grip of its "moderate" eastern managers—as it turned out, forever.

Not that Goldwater appreciated the favor. Not altogether without reason, he felt that he was being used by these hard-bitten young conservative politicos for purposes more their own than his. He didn't particularly want the presidency; he didn't think he could win it (especially after Kennedy's assassination); and he would have to give up his beloved Senate seat to make the race. So when at last he felt forced by circumstances to run, knowing that he would lose, he grimly sidelined White and what had by now become the Draft Goldwater Committee, and put his own Arizona cronies (quickly dubbed "the Arizona Mafia") in command of his campaign. White, who rightly felt he had earned the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, saw it go instead to an Arizonan, while he was awarded the meaningless title of chairman of Citizens for Goldwater-Miller. (Years later, Goldwater magnanimously admitted his error: "White deserved the post," he wrote in his autobiography, "because his Draft Goldwater Committee had given us the political muscle to assure the nomination. . . . Not selecting White was a mistake.")

Ted Streshinsky/CORBIS

Candidate Goldwater at a Young Republicans rally

Perlstein's coverage of the years from 1960 to 1964 is admirably complete. All the intrigues and subplots are here: the famous Compact of Fifth Avenue, in which Nixon knuckled under to Nelson Rockefeller's platform ideas in 1960 in order to ensure his support (and succeeded only in enraging Goldwater); the byzantine theories and wide-eyed zealotry of the John Birch Society, which alienated the rest of the conservative movement with its mad conviction that practically anything bad that happened in America was the work of secret Communists; Rockefeller's all-out drive for the 1964 nomination, fatally undermined when his new wife gave birth to their first child days before the California primary, reminding voters that he had publicly ditched her predecessor; the brief heyday of Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. as a presidential possibility; Lyndon Johnson's diabolically clever campaign; Goldwater's agonized decision to vote against the Civil Rights Act (he was a longtime supporter of the NAACP in Phoenix, but was convinced that the CRA was unconstitutional); the klutzy campaign waged on his behalf by the Arizona Mafia; Johnson's landslide victory in November 1964.

Amidst such riches, it seems almost ungenerous to single out one aspect for criticism, but fidelity to the historical record requires it. In a chapter entitled "Mobs," Perlstein devotes the first 13 pages to a vivid description of the racial unrest that was flaring in many states and communities in the early 1960s. The only trouble is that Goldwater's name is almost nowhere to be found. Yet the heavy emphasis on racial strife, in a book about Goldwater, leaves the almost inescapable impression that the former had a lot to do with the latter's nomination.

That is also the implication of the expression "the Southern strategy," which to this day is frequently, and misleadingly, used to describe the plan whereby White, and the Goldwater forces generally, captured the Republican party. It suggests that the whole idea was simply to appeal to previously Democratic white Southerners to support a Republican who was dependably anti-black.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Goldwater's opposition to segregation was longstanding and well known. No doubt he won the votes of many former (or current) Democrats who opposed Lyndon Johnson's civil-rights initiatives—indeed, on Election Day the only states Goldwater carried, save for his own Arizona, were all in the Deep South. But the conservative

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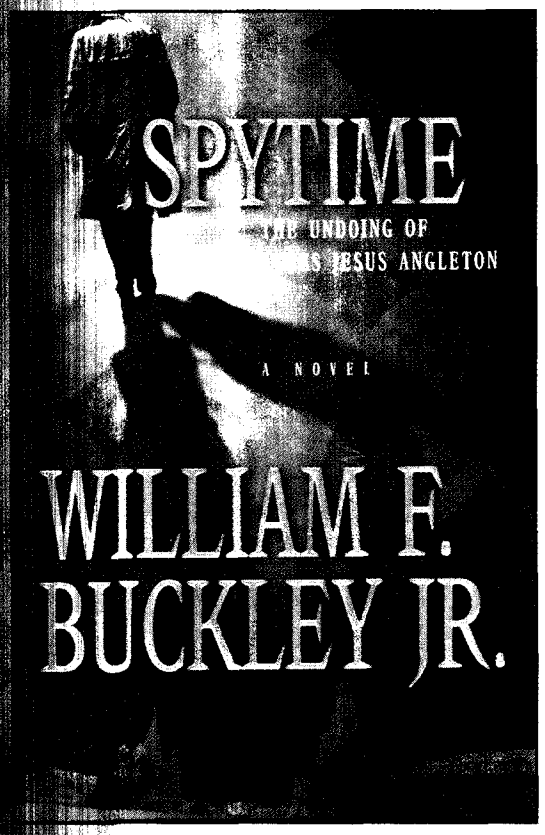

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movement from which he sprang, and to which his nomination gave such momentum, was based on a different political strategy altogether. It was not spelled out in print until 1969, when Kevin Phillips wrote his brilliant study, *The Emerging Republican Majority*, but its basics had been sensed, and acted on, by those 22 young politicos in that Chicago motel in October 1961. The truly new voters recruited to the conservative cause between 1955 and 1964 were the young, upwardly mobile couples, often from the North, that were swelling the suburbs of the new, or newly reborn, cities of the South and West: Atlanta, Tulsa, Denver, Phoenix, San Diego, and so on. Perlstein recognizes this, devoting a whole chapter to "Stories of Orange County," the Los Angeles suburb with perhaps the most vigorous local conservative movement in the country (and precious few race problems). But his gratuitous emphasis on the racial strife of the early 1960s distorts the picture.

Anyone who has read Perlstein's wonderfully colorful account of the Goldwater nomination and his subsequent defeat in November 1964 will be sorry that the book stops there. There is obviously so much more to be told—about the conservative movement that rose, phoenix-like, from that defeat; about the astonishing man, Ronald Reagan, who led it to national victory; and even about Barry Goldwater himself, who returned to the Senate and became for years a favorite of the liberals who had once feared and despised him.

Let us hope that Perlstein is already at work on another book about it all. He certainly knows the significance of the story. "Here," he says, "is one time, at least, in which history was written by the losers."

On his last page, he cruelly quotes Arthur Schlesinger Jr. on the significance of 1964. It demonstrated, the good professor opined, "what would happen if the parties were realigned on an ideological basis: The Democrats would win every election and the Republicans would lose every election."

Whereupon Perlstein, with heavy irony, ends his story: "At that there seemed nothing more to say. It was time to close the book." **NR**

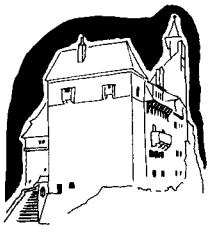
The Reunion

THOMAS MALLON

April 1865: The Month That Saved America, by Jay Winik (HarperCollins, 461 pp., $32.50)

THE most enduring image of the Civil War is probably the burning of Atlanta—as carried out not by General Sherman, but by David O. Selznick in *Gone with the Wind*. Jay Winik, in his new book about the war's endgame, stages the fall of Richmond with an equally impressive visual power. The author matches his wide-angle descriptions of the explosions and fires with some finely rendered close-ups: Jefferson Davis straightening out his desk, prior to abandoning it, lest the approaching Federals "think him sloppy"; a slavetrader trying to board 50 pieces of chained human property at the pandemoniac train depot, then getting the message of a new world from a bayonet-wielding Confederate who orders the slaves set free.

Nothing, however, tops a scene from the war's denouement, weeks after Appomattox. Richmond's leading Episcopal church, St. Paul's, faces a social convulsion when a black man decides to approach the Communion rail at what has always been the moment reserved for whites. An exhausted-looking white man ends the tension by kneeling down beside him: "Watching Robert E. Lee, the other communicants slowly followed in his path, going forward to the altar, and, with a mixture of reluctance and fear, hope and awkward expectation, into the future."



Winik's subtitle pronounces April 1865—whose wildly fast-forwarding events included the fall of Richmond, Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Lincoln's assassination, and Jefferson Davis's flight—to be "the month that saved America." For all the ruin and carnage to be toted up at war's end—and Winik spares the reader nothing in terms of gore and privation—*April 1865* is more than anything else concerned with American luck. The author shows, notwithstanding Lincoln's murder, how much worse things could have turned out. Any number of developments might have violently prolonged the inevitable—if it even *was* that. Lee's forces might have escaped Grant and linked up with General Johnston further south, and the long-debated infusion of slaves into the Confederate army might have kept the South alive for a long and bloody while. Had Jefferson Davis had his way, the conflict would have continued, beyond Appomattox, on a guerrilla basis that might have afforded the South some distinct advantages: The Union army would have been, in Winik's words, "forced to undertake the onerous task of occupying the entire Confederacy," the supposedly reunited country coming "to resemble a Swiss cheese, with Union cities here, pockets of Confederate resistance lurking there, ambiguous areas of no-man's-land in between." Instead, the Northern generals' generosity and their Southern counterparts' good sense allowed the war to come to a relatively abrupt halt.

■

For all the ruin and carnage to be toted up at war's end, *April 1865* is more than anything else concerned with American luck.

■

Winik is wise not to leave all these might-have-beens to "alternative history" novelists, and readers of *April 1865* will get a fresh perspective on the oft-told events the book comprises. This is the work of a practitioner, not a lifelong professor. Winik's former career as a military-affairs adviser inside Congress and the Pentagon forced him, he says,

Mr. Mallon's most recent novel, *Two Moons*, has just been published in paperback by Harcourt.

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"to witness up close a number of civil wars around the globe," from Central America to the Balkans to Cambodia. The experience gave him a vision of American exceptionalism, or more particularly, exemption from the "cruel edicts of history."

According to Winik, post-civil-war reconciliations have as bad a track record as republics themselves. Like the Roman Republic, the United Netherlands, and the French Republics I–IV, reunited nations frequently fall apart all over again. It was the good fortune of Americans that they needed not so much to reconcile a nation as to create one that had never really existed in the first place.

The Union, before Lincoln's mystical vision of it prevailed, had always been a

■

Post-civil-war reconciliations have as bad a track record as republics themselves.

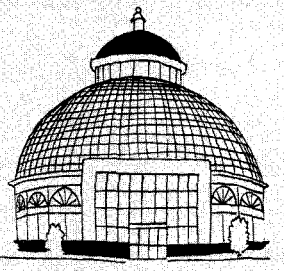
■

tentative and experimental arrangement. (As Winik points out, the Gettysburg Address makes bold to use the word "nation," which the Declaration of Independence had eschewed.) The "secessionist tradition" of the country's first decades was hardly confined to the South; various elements in New England and even New York City had thought about pulling out. The author's great symbol of national incompleteness—and competition for control—is Jefferson's self-built home: "By 1860, Monticello lay abandoned and largely in ruins, and . . . by April 1865, it had two owners, one a New Yorker, the other a Virginian, and was cared for by neither." The new sense of nationality that Winik describes at his book's end still had plenty of gaps, and required many bitter

■ SHELF LIFE ■

FOR the past four decades, *The New York Review of Books* has tirelessly championed liberal causes. It comes, therefore, as a welcome surprise that the magazine's new book-publishing imprint—New York Review Books Classics—is performing a nonpartisan service, excellently.

The NYRB Classics imprint is dedicated to making available, in inexpensive paperback format, neglected literary treasures of the past. Last year came the three-volume uniform edition of the fiction of once-renowned *New Yorker* writer J. F. Powers—winner of the National Book Award for his novel *Morte D'Urban* in 1963, but since fallen into unmerited obscurity. This year's list includes otherwise unavailable titles by Turgenev and Colette, and a few important classics from the early part of the 20th century.



Max Beerbohm was once a widely beloved satirist, and his elegant parodies have kept alive his literary status (as, at least, a cult figure) in recent decades. NYRB is republishing his *Seven Men* (208 pp., $12.95), a collection of five longish short stories about the literary life. The best is "'Savonarola' Brown," about a spectacularly awful dramatist who is killed before being able to complete his five-act play about the impassioned 15th-century Italian religious reformer Girolamo Savonarola; the story allows Beerbohm to let loose with a clever, funny, and sustained 37-page parody of Shakespeare. He captures exactly the sound of Shakespearean wordplay, as it might be practiced by an untalented playwright: "I thank thee, Brother, yet / I thank thee not, for that my thankfulness / (An such there be) gives thanks to Heaven alone." Beerbohm's fictional playwright is also spot-on in his murdering of other Shakespearean conventions, such as the act-closing rhyming couplet: "'Tis time that I were going. Farewell, Monk, / But I'll avenge me ere the sun has sunk."

Another important new NYRB Classic is *Hadrian the Seventh* (401 pp., $14.95), a baroque 1904 novel by "Fr. Rolfe (Baron Corvo)." *Hadrian* is the barely disguised autobiography/fantasy of Rolfe, who was neither a priest—the "Fr." is for Frederick—nor, in all likelihood, a baron. In the novel, a penurious British intellectual who was prevented by evil Catholic schemers from becoming a Catholic priest is suddenly elevated to the papacy, and engages in a whirlwind of reforms—some of which are remarkably prescient of the changes that would actually occur later in the century.

The Rolfe surrogate is called, in the book, George Arthur Rose, and he is given to pronouncements of arch misanthropy, e.g.: "As for the Faith, I found it comfortable. As for the Faithful, I found them intolerable." He is asked, in confession, whether he loves his neighbor. He responds: "No, I frankly detest him, and her. Let me explain. . . ." In short, what we have here is camp of a rather high order, and it's an amazing achievement that Rolfe ends up making his main character fundamentally likable in spite of himself (both character and author). As he examines his conscience, judges his enemies, and issues his papal encyclicals, George Arthur Rose is a bitchy ancestor of Saul Bellow's (much kinder) letter-writer, Moses Herzog: to the world a nebbish, in reality a mensch, and never less than fascinating as he explains the world to us.

NYRB is also republishing A. J. A. Symons's *The Quest for Corvo* (289 pp., $12.95), one of the all-time great literary biographies. Most readers of *Hadrian* will be very curious as to what kind of person could write such a book; Symons recounts not just the Rolfe story—as well as it can be known—but also his own adventures in trying to ferret it out.

—MICHAEL POTEMRA

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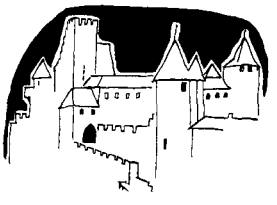
decades to knit itself fully together. But in the years after the war, the noun "United States" began to take a singular verb instead of a plural. On the whole, one feels inclined to say what Winik did about the autumn of 1989 in his previous book, *On the Brink*, about the Reagan administration's successful offensive to end the Cold War: "Amazing how it all came together."

Winik's style is lively to the point of exuberance. He writes of battle—as in this description of Sayler's Creek—with a curious mixture of horror and relish:

> Grabbing one another with dirt-sodden fingers, callused, sweaty hands, and sharp fingernails, they rolled on the ground like wild beasts, biting one another's throats and ears and noses. . . . Blood oozed freely. So did tempers. Even officers lost their cool and dispensed with their guns, fighting with swords and, when they no longer worked, with fists.

Here and elsewhere, Winik might have put up stronger resistance against the florid and the purple ("Like the stars high above, dangling in the overarching vault of history . . . "), but this is a deeply felt book, patriotic in the most informed and fundamental way. As such, it is not so much sentimental as revisionist; academic American history, which is most of what gets written, seeks to smother any hint of triumphalism in a sackcloth of apologetic jargon. From his current position at the University of Maryland's School of Public Affairs, Winik has managed to produce a book that is unashamed of the history it describes.



Above all, it is a book that springs from—and transcends—the era of Bill Clinton. Winik understands that character always counts, for better or worse, and that in April 1865 it counted for better. If this volume has a preeminent hero, it is unquestionably Lee, who ends up being Lincoln's ironic heir. Resisting Davis's call for continued guerrilla warfare, late in April he gives an interview to the *New York Herald*, not just condemning the president's assassination but rejoicing in the abolition of slavery. In the end, Lee would almost literally embrace the blood and bones of the Union dead, when the land his wife had owned in Arlington, Virginia, became their cemetery.

■

In the years after the war, the noun 'United States' began to take a singular verb instead of a plural.

■

With so much to do, Winik inevitably rushes things here and there. We see Sherman being so weirdly gentle in the peace terms he offers Joe Johnston (after burning his way through the South) that he finds himself excoriated in the northern press, the *New Haven Journal* even insinuating (in Winik's paraphrase), "that [he] was an accomplice in the plot to assassinate Lincoln and had helped facilitate Davis's escape." A month later Sherman is taking the cheers of the crowd during the grand review of the armies held in Washington, "his popularity now greater than ever." A little more explanation for the turnaround, something beyond the intoxication of victory, seems required. Even so, Winik's fast, vivid portrait of this general—along with brisk animations of Lincoln ("a shrewd master of indirection"), Grant (more nervous than Lee on the morning of the surrender), and a half-dozen lesser figures—indicates a considerable talent for biography.

But Winik's decision to use a single month in American history to explore much wider themes works sufficiently well that I'll presume to offer a subject for his next book: a comparative study of two other significant months in American history, the frantic weeks surrounding the elections of 1876 and 2000—both of which resolved themselves, however imperfectly, in a legal civility bought by the screams and suffering at places like Sayler's Creek. **NR**

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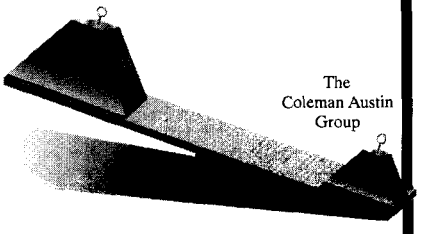

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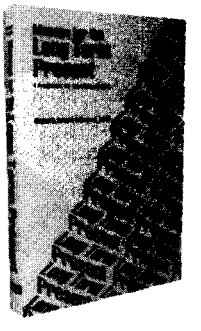

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Lawyers, Guns, and Money

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

The Cash Nexus: Money and Power in the Modern World, 1700–2000, by Niall Ferguson (Basic, 552 pp., $30)

BRITISH historians in general, and at Oxford University in particular, have for years been a crew of small-scope fact-grubbers and/or Marxist derivatives. With rare exceptions, they have little or nothing to contribute to the study of mankind or the great issues of the day. But then there is Oxford's Niall Ferguson. He is the author of one weighty book about the Rothschilds and another on the First World War. There is a lot of him about in the British media. He is a big-picture historian, searching out whatever it may be that throws light on events, and ready to challenge accepted opinion. If reports are to be believed, he earns gigantic advances, permitting him to employ talented researchers. Here, in short, is a phenomenon in the making. And not the least part of it is that he is a genuine conservative.

A conservative is one who takes it for granted that human nature is constant. Projects based upon some utopian view that human nature is open to change, through appeals to reason or by force, are doomed to cause more of the wars and bloodshed that comprise the planet's whole record. The historian's business, as Ferguson understands and practices it, is to measure the social and material changes brought about by evolving institutions and technologies against human standards that remain constant.

The Cash Nexus is the result of a commission from the Bank of England to study the bond market, an uninvitingly specialized subject. The gentlemen of the Bank may be surprised to have received for their money this canter through the uplands of high ideas and speculative themes, starting up many hares on the way; in fact pursuing many of the main questions raised today by political theorists, social scientists, and economists. Elegant and apposite literary quotations jostle alongside spidery graphs that strain eye and mind alike. The general reader is likely to dismount at the end of the ride rather shell-shocked by the rapid fire of statistics, but finally impressed, if a little bewildered, by the enormous range and ambition of it all.

Granted the constancy of human nature, there has always been war and always will be—so Ferguson opens the argument of *The Cash Nexus*. Like the poor, the lust for power will always be with us. War is expensive; someone has to pay for it, either the ruler or his subjects and citizens, which means taxation. Taxation brings consequences, on the one hand bureaucracy and centralization, on the other demands by tax-payers for representation. War ultimately, then, forms states and nations, no bad thing.

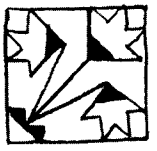
War is expensive; someone has to pay for it, either the ruler or his subjects, which means taxation.

Why, Ferguson continues, do some states and nations win wars, and above all why did the British emerge from the 18th century more powerful than the French, who had superior resources in all respects? The answer lies in their relative institutions.

The British developed a central bank; a system of funding through the national debt that allowed them to pay for policies undertaken; and a parliament that set about safeguarding property and the rule of law. Exporting capital and fortifying the empire with it, they acquired a hold on the global economy, and this proto-globalization was a force for peace and stability. The French instead had revolution and Napoleon. In short, if the objective is power, it helps to have money, but money in itself is no guarantee of achieving that power.

People far and wide appreciated the British model and imitated it for themselves. All sorts of good things came with it and some clever tricks too, the subtleties whereby governments fund what they do—having their debt taken up by bond-holders, for instance, or dissipating it through inflation. The gradual empowerment of electorates brought social change in its wake, when voters asked for, or were given, the welfare state in place of the warfare state. The one is about as expensive as the other, with similar repercussions. In one chapter (cowritten with Glen O'Hara), Ferguson puts the proposition that welfare spending does little or nothing to advance governments and their purposes. In the final analysis, you cannot buy voters through prosperity (witness Al Gore) any more than you can control markets. Too many arbitrary and unquantifiable variables are in play.

Two recent utopian projects are Communism and the European Union. Communism did not correspond to human nature and so self-destructed. Ferguson quotes the extraordinary figure that for every 19 tons of steel produced under Stalin, at least one Soviet citizen was deliberately killed in one way or another. He examines the several previous projects of monetary union in Europe, all of which ended in collapse. Today's European Union is unable to develop the supporting institutions it must have; it suffers from generational imbalance, meaning that too few young tax-providers are obliged to support too many elderly tax-consumers; and there is neither labor mobility nor immigration that might serve as a remedy. At a time when each and every people, down to and including Chechens and Kosovar Albanians and Basques, seeks independence and sovereignty, the EU aims to be transnational, and that too destines it for self-destruction.



Which leaves the United States. It is today in the position Britain occupied in the 19th century. Much of the world looks to it as a model, imitating its democracy and its values in the expectation that success will result. This is the end of history, as celebrated by Francis Fukuyama. Not so, Ferguson argues, for

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a number of reasons. Democracy means different things to different people. Throughout the West, political parties are being slowly nationalized by the state, draining democracy of its representative element. Corruption is endemic. (Gladstone, that pillar of rectitude, it turns out in one fascinating detail, invested in Egypt, and when he ordered its invasion in 1882, his investments rose by £7.5 million, in today's terms.)

Liberal-capitalist democracy does not suit everyone, as witnessed by the wars and civil wars provoked everywhere in clashes of ethnicity and culture. If the United States were really to promote it, then it would need to acquire a hold on the global economy, as the British once did. In the absence of such a hold, the United States cannot really influence global politics, and the current second wave of globalization, though much vaunted, is likely to go the way of the first under the British. For those who cannot or will not democratize, the fate of *ancien régime* France lies in store, namely revolution and tyranny.

The British lost their empire because they chose not to defend it on the periphery, waiting instead to confront their rivals in continental Europe in warfare so severe that even the winners became losers. The United States, in Ferguson's vehement view, is repeating this mistaken strategy. The historian Paul Kennedy famously declared that the United States was weakening itself through imperial overstretch. Not a bit, replies Ferguson, criticizing America instead for under-stretch, because embarrassed by the use of power, fearful of Russia and China, and the possibility of military casualties. He concludes in disappointment, "The leaders of the one state with the economic resources to make the world a better place lack the guts to do it."

Here is today's most telling example of the Ferguson thesis that money is a necessary but not sufficient tool for power. But by his own argument, events can be mastered only up to a point, and the world is unlikely to become a better place in any meaningful sense. We must face up to it that irrationality in all its forms dominates behavior, we shall have wars, and human nature remains the same forever and ever, amen. **NR**

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Down but Not Out

ROGER KAPLAN

Dirty Havana Trilogy, by Pedro Juan Gutiérrez, translated by Natasha Wimmer (Farrar, Straus, 392 pp., $25)

THOUGH it makes no reference to politics, *Dirty Havana Trilogy* is invaluable for an understanding of Cuba's predicament. In Pedro Juan Gutiérrez's novel, the consequences of the Castroist "revolutionary will" are laid out with a rough-edged honesty that would be remarkable even for a writer in a free country. Writing in the certain knowledge his work could never be published at home, Gutiérrez offers powerful proof that a free man's imagination will not be regimented in the service of a political utopia.

The novel is set in the worst part of the so-called "special period" that followed the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of its massive subsidies to Castro's regime. The misery of those years was quite dramatic. Cubans could not get basic necessities; medicine, food, water, clothes, and adequate housing were scarce. For the most part, then, *Dirty Havana Trilogy* shows its characters simply grubbing about for enough food to keep starvation at bay, and for enough sex to forget the despair of a meaningless life in a hopeless place. The theme of the book is survival in the sense at once animal and moral in which Solzhenitsyn understood it in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Gutiérrez does not directly pit an individual against a totalitarian state, but rather throws his hero against a system that challenges him to continue believing in his own humanity.

The narrator and hero of the loosely connected stories that make up the novel is a man named Pedro Juan (the author's name as well, underscoring the autobiographical nature of the work), a down-and-out resident of central Havana. Pedro Juan was once a radio journalist, but he got sick of having to write PR for the regime. Now he lives in a colony of makeshift studios on the roof of a dilapidated building, not far from the Malecón, a boardwalk that has become a cruising ground for every kind of sex. His friends and girlfriends share cigarettes and rum, and ply various small-time rackets to pick up the few pesos they need to survive. When Pedro Juan's regular girl picks up a foreign sex tourist, they are flush for a few days, until the money runs out and the scrounging begins anew. Pedro Juan expects nothing from anyone, and his aim in life is simply to enjoy the small pleasures still within his reach, which are simple and animal. Half a century after the triumph of a revolution that was supposed to inaugurate an era of solidarity and social justice, the only ethic anyone can live by is the one with which this chronicler of Cuban misery concludes: "You can't let your guard down."

In effect, Pedro Juan and his friends are dropouts. The regime can tolerate no intellectual or political dissent, but it puts up with a certain degree of bohemianism. Pedro Juan's behavior—sexual and otherwise—would be shocking in the U.S. (to the extent we still have a capacity to be shocked by squalid excess), but in special-period Cuba, Pedro Juan, rebelling against the spiritual atrophy that the regime demands, is normal: "I don't have a bad reputation in the neighborhood: I'm not a druggie, or a flasher, or a troublemaker, or someone who's always mixed up with the police. It doesn't matter if every once in a while you smoke a joint or [masturbate] or get plastered, that doesn't give you a bad reputation. Moderation in all things. It's the guy who's always high and always showing his [member] to the neighbors who's really screwed up. He's the kind who'll come to a bad end."

■

Dirty Havana Trilogy is probably the most honest depiction of life under Castro to have emerged in recent years.

■

Pedro Juan occasionally allows a female tourist to pick him up and trade his virility for money and foreign cigarettes for a few days. His attitude is philosophical: You cannot do anything in this world without money, and everything exists on a commercial basis, so why should he object if people make the best of what they have?

"I became a hustler," he explains in one candid description of his own depraved condition:

> But I only went with old lady tourists. I don't have the stomach for faggots, I really don't. I get violent and I want to beat them up. It's different with the old ladies. . . . The old ladies with money flock to you, like bees to honey. Some of them like blacks, but they're scared of them, too. They think they're thieves and murderers. And I play on their fears, so I get more clients. "Oh, yes, they're terrible murderers and real animals. They're bastards, and they like to hit women." . . . They look at me in horror and they believe every word of it, and then they ask me for my phone number, so they can give it to their

Mr. Kaplan is the Washington editor of *African Geopolitics*.

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friends who are coming soon for the summer. They live in a dream world. They think everybody has a telephone and a car and eats steak for lunch. Idiots. Naïve, maybe. But I was having fun and making good money, and that was all I cared about.

Pedro Juan and his neighbors live in a world of hustling, petty crime, and sometimes major crime, as when young desperadoes break into a neighbor's shack and assault her with knives. They are driven to madness by hunger and need—as with the man who makes a small fortune selling calf livers on the black market, until it is discovered that they are human livers taken from the morgue where he works.

In the last section, Gutiérrez tells the story of a true believer, "who had never milked the Revolution for her own profit. She was utterly honest, convinced that the only way to behave as a righteous revolutionary was to uphold honor, order, discipline, self-control and authority." This righteous lady has had a breakdown, to which the state has responded by giving her electroshock treatments. Now she is penniless and reduced to begging, saying to passersby, "Give me a few cents, for the love of God, for cigarettes and coffee. . . . Be nice. Don't hurt me." Despite his cynicism, Pedro Juan leaves no doubt that this is the true barbarism of his country's rulers: For all the revolutionary talk about a "new man," neither the system nor anyone in it seems able to summon the decency to help a desperate woman.

Dirty Havana Trilogy is a sad book, in which people are usually hungry and unhappy. It does not say everything, or perhaps not even most things, about Cuba today. But it is probably the most honest depiction of life under Castro to have emerged in recent years. In his tales of squalor and petty hustling, Pedro Juan, who presents himself as a cynic and moral bottom-dweller, is in fact a humanitarian who in his own way fans the sparks of solidarity and friendship that Communism would replace with mindless discipline and paranoia. A detailed political treatise could not better demonstrate Castroism's failure to create a "new man" in place of the old one, wicked and sinful, yet compassionate and generous as well. **NR**

■ FILM ■

Going to the Dogs

JOHN SIMON

SPY movies don't do much for me. Most of them traffic in the sort of improbabilities and loopholes that might be acceptable in life, though not in an honest work of fiction. Yet I must also admit to not having the right puzzle-solving sort of mind for these movies' convoluted twists, and what may be another moviegoer's meat, might be my poison.

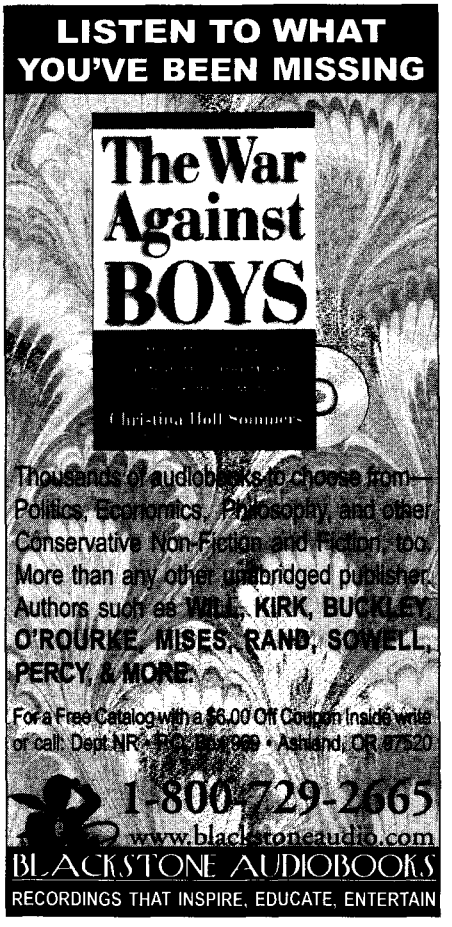
■

John le Carré's debt to Graham Greene is a shadow over *The Tailor of Panama.*

■

In any case, *The Tailor of Panama* strikes me as mildly, or not so mildly, preposterous. Based on John le Carré's 1996 novel, it was adapted for the screen by the novelist himself, along with Andrew Davies and John Boorman, the director. A somewhat shady MI6 operative, Andy Osnard, who has been in repeated trouble because of his habit of amassing large gambling debts, shagging prominent wives, and blowing his cover, is sent to quasi-Siberian Panama to redeem himself if he can. The novel exploits the potential troubles from the turning over of the Canal to Panama in 1999, and from the sinister dealings of General Noriega. It seems hard for viewers of the updated movie to believe that someone is thinking of selling the Canal to the combined powers of China and Taiwan, and even harder to believe that those two might agree on anything.

This unlikely scenario is actually the fantasy of Harry Pendel, a Jewish cockney who has transplanted himself to Panama, passing himself off as a bespoke tailor to the local upper crust as partner in the prestigious (but fictitious) house of Braithwaite and Pendel of Savile Row. Actually, he learned tailoring in jail while serving six years for arson, and the elegantly appointed business he runs—including a clubroom with leather armchairs and a life-size portrait of the supposititious Braithwaite (in fact, his uncle Benny)—is all built on lies. It seems to me that Savile Row tailoring is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no more taught in jail than is Harry's posh accent, but he could have started the business on the money of his adored wife Louisa, an American in a high government job in Panama City.

Arriving there, Osnard picks Harry as the most likely Brit with access to valuable inside information, although I wonder just how many state secrets he thinks can be gleaned while measuring some honcho's haunches. Andy blackmails (and bribes) poor Harry into providing "intelligence"—which is, the audience learns, in fact totally invented by Harry.

Obviously, transposing the material to the present day has painted le Carré into improbable corners. But there are also basic problems, such as the cute happy ending, out of character for both of its beneficiaries. On the other hand, the film profits undeservedly from Andy Osnard's being played by Pierce Brosnan, whose previous involvement with 007 doubles your fun in watching that bond broken here as the master spy is deconstructed into a shoddy character. Another mildly amusing bit is that Braithwaite/Benny is played by Harold Pinter, himself a product of London's lower-class Jewish East End.

The film's larger flaw is its split personality. Not only are our already-grudging sympathies divided too evenly between Andy and Harry, but also the entire tone of the movie wobbles between spy thriller and satire on the genre. This is further worsened by the thriller part's being unthrilling, and the satire's lacking teeth. Also, le Carré's debt to Graham Greene's superior *Our Man in Havana*, however honestly acknowledged, remains a shadow over the proceedings.

Nor are there performances in Boorman's Panama equaling those in Carol Reed's Havana. With all due respect to Geoffrey Rush, his tailor is no match for Alec Guinness's vacuum salesman; likewise, Pierce Brosnan cannot hold a candle to Noël Coward, and Brendan Gleeson, with his Hispanic accent constantly turning Hibernian, is not the equal of Ralph Richardson. Nor is the script on a par with Greene's. At one point, Osnard says spying is "dark and lonely work, like oral sex, but someone has to do it"—especially since, as Anthony Lane has cannily shown, the line is pilfered from Joseph Heller's *God Knows*, an un-chic place to steal from. Other recyclings are just cliché: "Denial is a river in Egypt," and, "This is Panama, where no good deed goes unpunished."

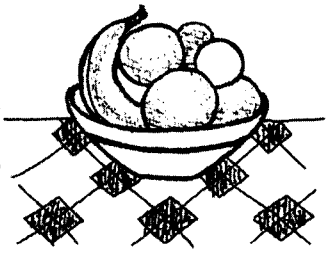
Boorman does, however, have nice fun with speeded-up action (Harry cutting a jacket) and flash-forwards (Andy and Francesca, the belle of the British embassy, on the dance floor intercut with them in bed). And it is always good to see Catherine McCormack (Francesca), even if she may never again look as lovely as in *Braveheart* or as splendidly decadent as in *Shadow of the Vampire*.

■

Comparisons of canines and humans impose themselves, with the dogs coming out ahead.

■

■ The best Mexican films hitherto were the works of the Spaniard Luis Buñuel. Now comes a Mexican movie just as powerful made by Mexicans: ***Amores Perros***, directed by Alejandro González Iñárritu, and written by the novelist Guillermo Arriaga. It comprises three very tough interrelated Mexico City stories, seamlessly connected even though the principals in one have only brief contact with those in another. What does connect the tales more tellingly is the presence of dogs.



Here the untranslatable title comes in. The official "Love's a Bitch," provided in the credits, won't quite do. *Amores perros* means rotten or lousy loves, with the adjectival *perro* a common pejorative. But the noun *perro*, dog, also matters. Each story contains both love of dogs and love affairs that go to the dogs. Ultimately, comparisons of canines and humans impose themselves, with the dogs coming out ahead.

In the first story, "Octavio and Susana," feckless Octavio is in love with Susana, the wife of his criminal older brother, Ramiro. Susana and Ramiro have a baby, with another on its way, but Ramiro is brutal to everyone and a robber to boot. Their drunken mother is barely capable of baby-sitting, and the shabby family house is overcrowded. There is also Cofi, the brothers' Rottweiler, which Octavio, eager to make easy money and escape with Susana, forces into the brutish dog fights that are rather graphically shown. (We are assured no dog was hurt; the same may not hold for all viewers.) Cofi does so well that the vicious owner of a defeated dog shoots him almost dead. Whereupon Octavio stabs the shooter and drives off with Cofi to a vet, with the shooter's accomplices pursuing and shooting.

The first story blends into the second when Octavio's car crashes into another, driven by Valeria, a sexy supermodel for whom the besotted middle-aged businessman Daniel has left his wife and child. Daniel, Valeria, and her insanely adored lapdog, Richie, have set up housekeeping in an unfinished house, whose floor has a big hole in it. Valeria, her leg in a cast after the crash, throws a ball for Richie to fetch, but the dog, alas, ends up down in a rat-infested subbasement. Trying to extricate him, Valeria further damages, and eventually loses, her leg. She can't go back to her career on the runway, Daniel can't go back to his wife. Daniel and Valeria stay together in hate.

The third story is the most ingenious. It is about heartbreakingly frustrated paternal love, about a lost soul's partial redemption, and about a grotesquely fratricidal Cain and Abel—or Cain and Cain. In it, the dog Cofi, nursed back to life by a reformed hired killer, also gets redeemed. Almost, but not quite, everyone in all three stories comes to terrible grief, but there is also a subtle undertone of Christian symbolism and, at least for some, salvation. The acting is inspired throughout, the direction incisive and inventive, and the often deliberately grainy but always apt cinematography by Rodrigo Prieto a further triumph. *Amores Perros* is the kind of film you want to see twice to absorb the fullness of its intricate details. But even one viewing will stay with you for a long time. **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Hillary at Yale?

NEW YORK, MARCH 30

A PROTEST movement is fomenting at Yale University, protesting the selection of Sen. Hillary Clinton as commencement speaker. The idea of the band of conservative students is not to disrupt the commencement proceedings, but to boycott at least that part of it in which she will figure.

I am not privy to proposed arrangements. Presumably the conservative protesters could linger at the gates of the old campus until Sen. Clinton was through speaking. Or, much more disruptively, they could walk away from their seats on the campus when she was introduced, and return after she was done speaking. More destructively still, they could do what the students at Brown did when Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was the speaker, rising from their seats and turning their backs on him until he was done.

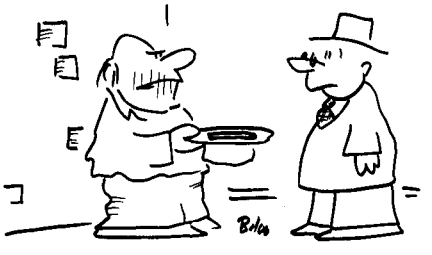
Protests, in the Vietnam years, achieved a pretty high din. At Yale in 1970 the entire commencement proceeding was canceled. That decision, made by President Kingman Brewster, sometime law professor, reacted to what I have called the skyjacker's leverage. The person who wishes to take control of an airplane with 400 people in it finds it relatively easy to do, since flying 500 miles per hour 35,000 feet above the ground puts the odds for successful disruption in a single pair of hands. On a college campus a half-dozen students, if that is their design, can disrupt proceedings.

I am a longtime beneficiary of good manners and indulgence by student bodies, having delivered over 30 commencement addresses. At almost all, the students were good-natured about having to listen to a conservative, as their terminal academic ordeal. The one exception was, to say the least, colorful. At the University of California at Riverside, seated on the dais before speaking, I looked down on a cardboard box brought up and dropped on my lap by a dissenting student. The wiggling betrayed a live presence; from the box, offloaded from my lap, a small pig emerged and scampered over to the university president, who was engaged in reading a Rhodes Scholarship award to a proud young graduate, who needed now quickly to maneuver his legs, since the pig was seeking a *pissoir*.

My own analysis of the Yale situation is that the invitation to Mrs. Clinton is not a casus belli. Her formal credentials are resplendently there: the degree from the law school, her distinguished career in the school, and all that followed, capped by her unambiguous election as United States senator. Now her formal qualifications hardly tell the whole story of her selection as commencement speaker. Sen. Barry Goldwater was never asked to give a commencement speech at Yale. On the other hand, there are anomalies. Solzhenitsyn was asked to speak at Harvard. That invitation was resented by some undergraduates ("Solzhenitsyn, Warmonger!"), but not boycotted. Students need to draw a line between speakers who oughtn't to have been invited, to whom an invitation to highlight a ceremonial event is outrageous, demanding full-frontal protest, and others who are simply wrongheaded. A few years ago Dartmouth College, unaccountably, invited Angela Davis to commemorate the anniversary of coeducation. Ms. Davis had run for vice president of the United States on the Communist Party ticket, and should be invited to speak only to Menshevik groups who want to continue the discussion interrupted in 1917.

Shortly after leaving Yale, I opposed a planned invitation to the head of the U.S. Communist Party, Gus Hall, and won the most exhilarating political victory of my life when the Yale Political Union, following the speeches and discussion, voted to rescind the invitation to him. That was worth high moral and intellectual exertion, but Mrs. Clinton isn't in that category, for all that she has managed to embody the most offensive characteristics of her husband's administration, supreme among them her overdoing her commitment to stay with him in sickness and in health. The health of the nation should have interposed, somewhere, in her balance of loyalties.

So my vote would be to go with it, tolerate her appearance, and be civil to the guest of one's alma mater.



"Save the advice, pal. I used to be a social worker myself."

The Sopranos' Underside

NEW YORK, APRIL 3

I SWORE I'd shoot myself if I didn't write about it, "it" being *The Sopranos*, Episode VI, seen on Sunday, an exercise in voluptuous self-abasement. The experience (not new; I had seen most of Year One) was instructive for technical and artistic reasons (the program is justly acclaimed for polish, ingenuity, and superlative acting), but is most interesting in its confirmation of the psychological depravity of the viewing audience. They see it (we see it) because of its shock value as exhibitionistic entertainment, but the question arises: Does it tell us more about the awful human behavior, or about the disposition to transform depictions of it into rip-roaring entertainment?

To explain what goes on, one has the difficulty of trying to explain what it's like to come across a murder being committed. It is without question exciting, as murders are. A visit to a Stockholm late-night club featuring consummated on-stage copulation is memorable, even if the evening ended with bachelor-party resolution not to do it again.

In *The Sopranos* we get a quick introduction into a strip club, which serves the hour as wallpaper, the camera constantly returning to a half-dozen listless women, bare but for bikinis. Individually, they make appearances with staff members of the club, an appendage of Soprano capo, Tony. In most of these sequences, the girls are either giving sex or promising it or being intimidated or trying to intimidate. The language is uniformly obscene. A review of the series advises us that a cleaned-up-language take is simultaneously shot, the obscenities eliminated; this version no doubt for release to army camps, whose personnel would be astonished to hear on the screen inter-gender vulgarities, language 18-year-old recruits

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would never hear used, or use themselves.

We move to the courtship of Tony's daughter at Columbia University by a fellow student who very quickly beds her, except that they don't bother to use a bed. The only piety in the entire hour is the young man's dutiful, indeed semi-explicit emplacement of a condom (before the hour is over, he will leave her, pleading the burden of academic duties).

From there we move to a dalliance of sorts by a younger member of the gang, conspicuous mostly for his fearless swagger. Outdoors at the club he is enraged by an obscenity by a girl at his expense, and in some detail hits and clubs her—to death, we discover a few moments later, when Tony comes on the scene. He is angered by his lieutenant and hits him hard enough to cause his wrist to swell.

The wonder isn't that *The Sopranos* is so marvelously conceived and executed, but that it is so widely viewed and enjoyed without any hint of concern over the depravity it relies upon. A search of newspaper notices given to it on the opening of its third season (my search was not exhaustive, but not tailored either) reveals not one question, let alone reproach, on the matter of the arrant exploitation of sex, exhibitionism, murder, sadism, cynicism, and hypocrisy. "From the first sight of our burly, crusty anti-hero walking down his driveway in a white undershirt, boxer shorts and robe, you'll know . . . Bada Bing! *The Sopranos* is back!" is one reviewer's comment. ". . . Nothing feels new after the first time [as the hangman said], but *The Sopranos* retains its cutting edge and raw emotion along with its clever and ironic sense of humor." "It's easy to forget just how richly constructed and thoroughly textured this show is, and how its understanding of human dynamics [the practice of stealing, torturing, and killing] is so full it's practically overwhelming." ". . . [It gives] Tony so much nuance and depth that it's hard to decide if he's fascinating, repulsive, or just another overworked schlub [Yes, Himmler had the same problem.]"

Moreover, one learns that websites have got into the act, so that devotees can inquire about the Soprano family, the words they use; get details about the music, still images of *Sopranos* actors. You get also site contributions offering "details about *Sopranos* filming locations, plot developments and other gossip." And we wonder about public indifference to crime and lechery and workaday infamy.

The Long View On Hainan

NEW YORK, APRIL 6

SCENE: Army War College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Off-the-record speaker, Allen Dulles, Director of Central Intelligence.

Background: Our pilot, Gary Powers, has been shot down flying a U-2 on a routine spy mission over the heart of Russia. Premier Khrushchev is having an apoplectic fit and the upcoming summit in Paris (DeGaulle, Macmillan, Khrushchev, Eisenhower) is threatened, the scheduled visit by Ike to Moscow almost certainly doomed.

Question from the floor to Director Dulles, who is onstage, smoking a pipe: "The report during the weekend that the United States would no longer fly U-2s over Russia is pretty dismaying to those of us who believe that the sovereign responsibility of the CIA is to bring in data critical to understanding what's going on in the Soviet Union so that we can hope to cope with it."

Dulles: "Yes. Well, er"—puffs on his pipe, the smoke eddies out—"we'll have to resort to other means to bring in our . . . data."

Translation: We had developed the technology of microphotography from satellites that would give us as intimate a view of Soviet missile development as we had been getting from our U-2s. They had been flying happily, insouciantly, at 70,000 feet, which was higher than the range of Soviet antimissile firepower. But on that critical day, Soviet technology had caught up. President Eisenhower told the press that our flights were "a distasteful but vital necessity." And that the Soviet reaction "to a flight of an unarmed non-military plane reflects a fetish of secrecy." Even so, not much later, Eisenhower said that such flights would end, and much of America blushed with shame.

Ike did not apologize. Why should you apologize to Moscow for monitoring its aggressive capabilities? Which capabilities they were forever threatening us with and which, two years later, they transported to Cuba, to diminish the exigencies, for their missiles, of transatlantic flight.

Why should we apologize to the People's Republic of China for collecting such material as we think is needed to keep pace with their advances in missile technology?

Answer: We do not need to apologize. This we should make plain. On the other hand, it may be that we do not need to resume the EP-3E flights—on the grounds that, even as in 1960 we developed a sufficient alternative technology, so in 2001 have we done, avoiding the need for cheek-by-jowl surveillance of the kind that has got us into the current mess.

There is, of course, the critical difference between Gary Powers and our EP-3E crew in Hainan. Powers was caught and tried by a Soviet court for crimes against the state. He had no right to overfly Soviet territory. The penalty for doing so became whatever the Soviet Union specified as the appropriate penalty.

In the case of China, our EP-3E pilot and crew were not overflying China. They were 50 miles off the coast, and PRC claims that the dribbles of land south and east of Hainan extend Chinese territoriality to where our plane was flying are hogwash, to be treated with the same disdain history authorizes toward such Maoist claims as that retention of a wedding ring is evidence of bourgeois disaffection, meriting public execution.

The proposition that our plane initiated aerial maneuvers that brought down the peaceful PRC fighter plane is derided by elementary knowledge of the separate characteristics of our plane and of their plane. To augment these, we have auxiliary evidence of the Chinese pilot's all but holding up his middle finger, doing a *fico* at our own pilot, which is heady stuff done at about 300 miles per hour.

But our crew are members of our armed services and undergo the risks of their profession. The United States must on no account lose sight of the crew, as we did not lose sight of the crew of the *Pueblo* when in 1968 its crew were kept imprisoned by the North Koreans, or of the diplomatic hostages kept 14 months by the government of Iran. The goal of the return of the EP-3E crew should be high on our agenda, but not highest.

Highest we place the strategic interests of the United States. And these demand that the PRC should feel the high cost of reckless behavior. Peking chose to make a huge public case out of the incident, telling lies and inflaming public opinion. Perhaps it is time to turn to more sophisticated means of gathering intelligence, but it is never time to apologize for looking after the national defense, or to conceal from the PRC the uses of American resources, on which they so heavily depend.

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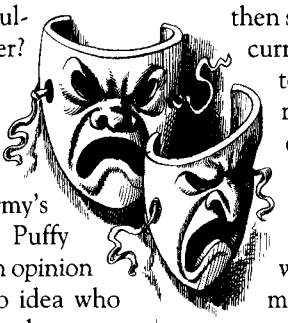
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

HAVE you heard about the fabulous new true-life horror movie? It's called *Revulsion* and it's about a columnist who suddenly and inexplicably finds that she can't bring herself to read another newspaper or watch another talking-head show. The promos are really neat; they show a picture of me curled up in the fetal position, and the voice-over says: "What happens to a cultural commentator when the only comment she can make about the culture is a raised middle finger? This is her story!"



I can't pinpoint exactly when it started, only that it was somewhere between the controversy over the Army's berets and the trial of Puffy Combs. I was able to form an opinion on the berets but I had no idea who Puffy Combs was, except that he was an athlete or something. I did not consider it necessary to follow his fortunes because O. J. Simpson's trial has made child's play of certain kinds of cultural commentary. It's as simple as shifting the cards around on a perpetual calendar—different year, same dozen Black History Months. Whoever Puffy Combs was, the cultural comment was ready and waiting, carved in stone: "Whatever he did, he didn't do it."

At some point in the unavoidable trial coverage I was force-fed the name of Puffy's girlfriend, Jennifer Lopez. I knew nothing about her either, except that she sang or something. Probably "or something" is closer to the mark. Whatever show I tuned in to, whatever newspaper I opened, there the two of them were, until my nerves gave way and I went into an or-something funk.

Innocuous words can sound very seductive if you say them over and over at top speed. As the words "or something" pounded through my brain, they put me in mind of a romantic idyll or an alluring adventure that quickly took on an exotic, east-of-Suez flavor: "The schooner sailed past the sampans into Or Something harbor at dawn." . . . "The delicate carvings on the Temple of Or Something glistened in the tropical rain." . . . "The grenadiers won the Victoria Cross for their gallantry at the siege of Or Something."

In short, I was not myself, but then neither were the Army Rangers and the Pentagon, who had turned into the Duchess of Windsor and Lily Daché arguing about which hat to wear. Telling myself that if they could be frivolous then so could I, I played hooky from current events and treated myself to a vacation of watching and reading nothing except what I damn well pleased.

I did scan the papers and surf the news shows, but only for as long as I could stand it, which was never long. The moment the jungle drums sounded from the Or Something pagoda I was off again on the road to Mandalay, so my take on the latest news cycle is necessarily sketchy. Since I can't attack any subject in depth this time around, I'll do a potpourri of opinions. If any of them strikes you as odd, blame it on the Somerset Maugham remittance man having his twelfth gin and tonic on the veranda of the Or Something Hotel in Pago-Pago.

1. I am anti-beret whatever their color because I don't think American soldiers should look like foreigners. What the Army needs is a distinctively American hat, and one already exists: the "forage cap" of the Civil War era. It's the soft kepi worn by enlisted men (and a few generals; Stonewall Jackson preferred it to the officer's slouch hat). The forage cap being soft, the crown slopes forward at a rakish angle and faces out so that insignia can be pinned on it. The forage cap was also worn by the post–Civil War cavalry, giving it an indelible association with John Wayne, who surely does more for the morale of U.S. troops than Jean-Paul Sartre.

2. Bush's "faith-based initiative" is so unthought-out that it practically screams Arianna Huffington. It's gotten so complicated so fast that they're already tangled up in arguments about how to break down a good deed into its spiritual and temporal components so they can award tax credits for some of the free soup, but not all of it. Let one drunk fail to finish eating before the hymns start, and churches will have to cook the books to save the Constitution. Guaranteeing still more turmoil is the plan to "fund the individual," meaningless buzztalk dreamed up by putative conservatives who have yet to grasp the fact that *all* vouchers are simply the welfare state in single file.

First Amendment conflicts aside, the worst portent of the scheme is its truculent point man, John J. DiIulio Jr., who blasted "predominantly white, ex-urban evangelical" divines for their lack of interest in urban programs. This didn't sit too well down at the church in the wildwood. Retorted Southern Baptist leader Richard Land, "It would rankle less if he wasn't so ignorant about us and didn't try to stereotype us." If the faith-based initiative is Dubya's idea of reaching out, it won't be long before he has to do a real stretch and reach out to the Cavaliers and Roundheads he has created.

3. Where is Laura Bush? I admit that her silence is blessed after Hillary's din, but she had barely moved into the White House before she left for an extended stay in Texas, supposedly to oversee the decoration of their ranch home. Something isn't quite right. Still waters run deep, so they say. The stillest and deepest belonged to Greta Garbo, who abruptly ended a dispute with Hollywood moguls by saying, "I tink I go home now." She meant Sweden.

4. First there was mad-cow disease, now foot-and-mouth disease. I figure it has to be one of two things, neither of them accidental: Either the Vegans are getting serious about putting a tax on fast food, or else Iraq or some other rogue nation has launched its biological-warfare weapons on the West. If foot-and-mouth can be carried on sole-of-shoe, with all the immigrants pouring into First World countries it would be a simple matter to walk it in.

5. I read that the Taliban were blowing up statues of Buddha or something. When are they going to get around to the Brooklyn Museum of Art? **NR**

Miss King can be reached at P.O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.

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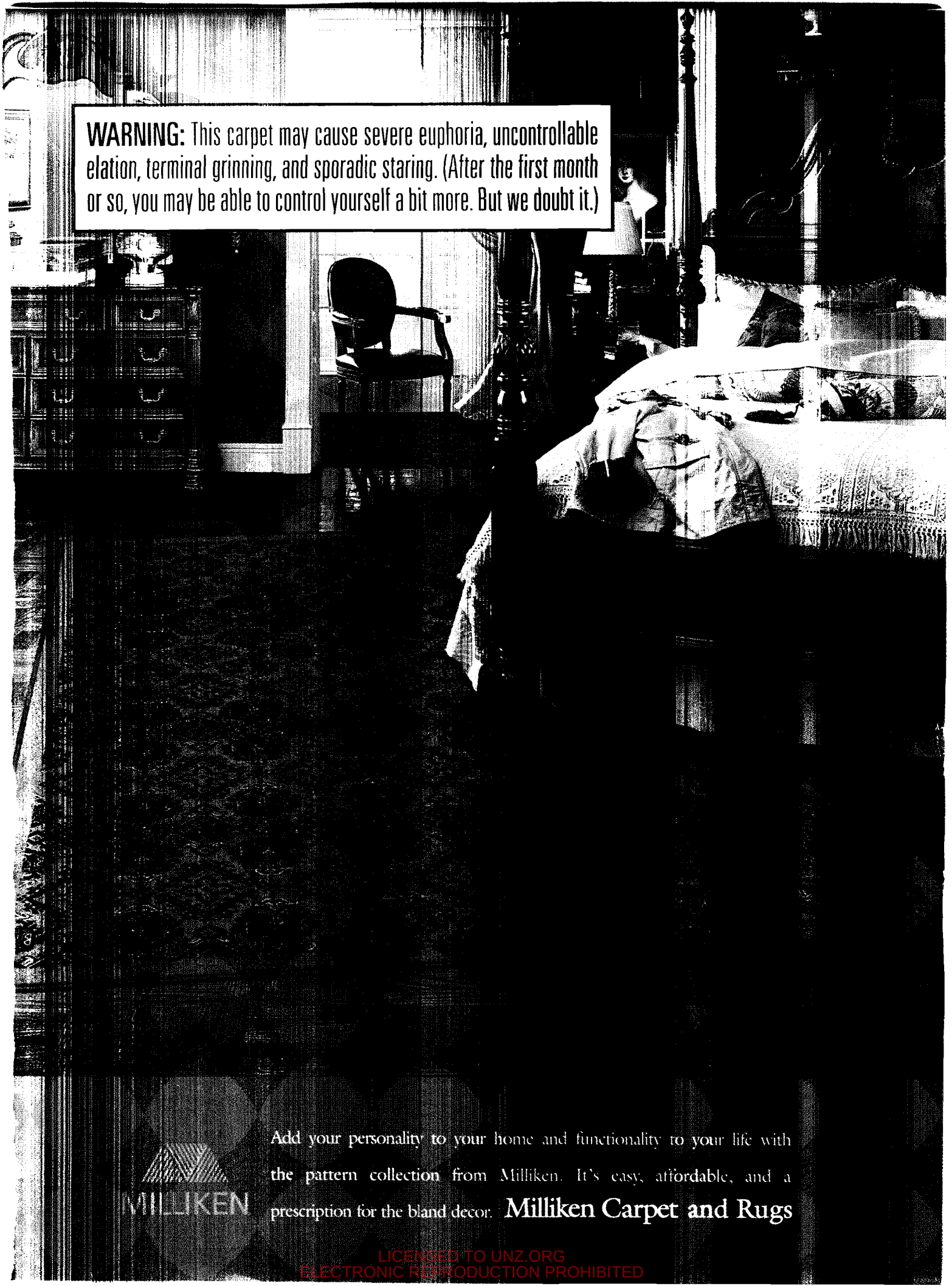
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